

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXII—No. 2

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 11, 1909

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address all communications to the editor at 116 North Broadway, Los Angeles.

Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter. Telephones: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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WATSON PROPERLY LABELED

LE GALLIENNE, the poet, never will have to face Watson, the cad, in a duel. The English poet, who, in satirical verse, entitled "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," pilloried the wife and daughter of the British prime minister, Herbert Asquith, and then revealed the names of the mother and daughter whom he mentally posed for his composite pen picture, is unlikely to fight in support of his conduct. It will be recalled that Richard La Gallienne replied to Watson's satire in a poem called "The Poet With the Coward's Pen," publicity of which is said to have drawn from Watson the statement that he would challenge his critic to a duel when he reached America.

His advent in New York is marked, not by a meeting with Le Gallienne on the field of honor, but by Watson's invasion of the field of dishonor in a breach of good form that is the more inexcusable because he had accepted hospitality at the women's hands. It is no palliation of his paltry act to say that the names of Mrs. Asquith and her step-daughter have been on the gossips' tongues ever since the poem appeared. So long as William Watson kept his own counsel and refused to be drawn into the controversy he was on safe ground, but the issuance of a signed statement, acknowledging that the wife and daughter of the prime minister were his unwitting models, stamps him as a bounder, without hope of redemption. In substituting for the term "coward" that of "cad," applied to Watson, Le Gallienne it seems to us is fully justified.

In explanation of his scathing lines and the revelation of the originals of the pen picture, Watson says the mother and daughter tried to blacken the memory of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman

and poison his mind against the late prime minister of England, who was his friend. He referred to this attack in these lines:

She is not old, she is not young,
The woman with the serpent's tongue,
The haggard cheek, the hungering eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly,
The famished face, the fevered hand—
Who slights the worthiest in the land,
Sneers at the just, condemns the brave,
And blackens goodness in its grave.

Considering that Watson is on the civil list for a pension, placed there by the tory government for his literary services to the state, he owed a certain debt of gratitude to that party, but in fulfilling his duty in this regard he did it at the expense of his manners. However, let us not forget that Mr. Watson in the past has been a victim of the opium lust, and was in retirement in a sanatorium for many months. Perhaps the need for this incarceration destroyed the fine sense of deference commonly felt by all true men of letters toward the gentler sex. Mr. Watson is a boor if he is a poet; but he is not especially notable for his poetry. His best stuff, after all, is largely an echo of those who were much greater than he.

GOOD GOVERNMENT SIGNAL VICTORY

WHEN The Graphic predicted upward of 5,000 majority for the Good Government candidate for mayor our friends were inclined to scoff at such a claim, as inordinately extravagant, but, in view of the 3,327 majority attained by Mayor Alexander, Tuesday, over the Smith vote, the estimate was not far afield. We also expressed the belief that not less than 35,000 ballots would be cast, and as the official count gives 37,255 it was a fairly close guess. Moreover, we gave Alexander 20,000 votes, and he is credited with having received 20,291.

This estimate was based on the belief that the mayor was entitled to enlist just as large a percentage of the Mushet and Farish following as the rump Republican candidate. At any rate, there was no apparent reason why Smith should make such a preponderance of gains as to offset the big lead Alexander scored at the primary election. We believed the people had confidence in the mayor, and that they were averse to disturbing the status quo. Results have justified this reasoning and verified our forecast.

It is a splendid victory for the forces behind the mayor, and the outcome promises to have a far-reaching effect. With every candidate on the Good Government ticket elected, there is no reason to doubt that a similar emphatic victory may be achieved in the county at a later period, and if in the county, why not in the state? To the excellent educational campaign conducted by the esteemed Express and the Herald is due, in a large measure, this gratifying result, and The Graphic extends hearty congratulations to its diurnal contemporaries on their good work, with added felicitations to Mr. Lissner for his masterly generalship displayed.

But more than they we congratulate the city on having enlisted in its service so fine a body of councilmen as Tuesday's discriminating ballots made possible. Never before in the city's history has a council, representative in its entirety of the best citizenship, been chosen. There have been individual instances of men of similar caliber forming a hopeless minority, but that all nine members of the incoming council are of the same desirable type is highly satisfactory. Messrs. Leland, Myers, Hance and Mallard received handsome majorities for clerk, auditor, treasurer and assessor, respectively, as was expected, but that Mr. Taggart should have defeated Tax Collector Johnson is the greatest surprise of the election. The heavy majorities for the entire

school board is an additional rebuke to the enemies of the public schools that have persistently and perniciously opposed the present administration, which the people have so signally upheld.

Mr. Mushet emerges from the fray badly singed in reputation. His attempt to render aid to the Smith cohorts by a charge that the public service was being defrauded in the interests of Alexander, failed of the intended effect. Considering that Mr. Mushet, as auditor of the city, has devoted many weeks to the furtherance of his political ambition, his charge was, to say the least, absurdly inconsistent. We are not condoning the one by pointing to the other; we merely direct attention to the insincerity of Mr. Mushet's course.

Liberal-minded citizens need not harbor fears that attempts will be made to introduce blue laws into the community. It is a sane council, comprising men of broad outlook, who will respect the known wishes of the majority in regard to license under proper police restrictions. With a good police board, men of probity and character forming the several important commissions, and a veteran in the mayor's chair who has demonstrated that he can be trusted, the average citizen may sleep well o' nights, assured that the local government is in safe hands.

FATUOUS PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE

TO COMPARE Mr. Taft's rather prosy statement with those of his picturesque predecessor were to be invidious. Mr. Roosevelt is a creature of impulse, President Taft one of lymphatic self-poise, whose mental processes move along well-lubricated grooves to an amicable conclusion. Hence, one need not look for vivid sentences of a perfervid character from the present occupant of the White House. His first annual message to congress is a model of precise diction. The nearest approach to positivism in the document is in the recommendation of a ship subsidy graft, the establishing of postal savings banks and separate statehood for New Mexico and Arizona. On the subject of injunctions in labor troubles he quotes the Republican platform and recommends that appropriate legislation be adopted that shall best meet the ends of justice and remove the chief cause of complaint against ill-considered injunction without notice.

Referring to the patient efforts of this country to promote peace and welfare among the Central American republics, Mr. Taft directs attention to the "unspeakable barbarities and oppression" of the Zelayan government, and takes the ground that the two Americans executed were officers in the organized forces of a revolution, which had continued many weeks and was in control of about half of the Nicaraguan republic, and as such, according to the modern enlightened practice of civilized nations, they were entitled to be dealt with as prisoners of war. In reprisal, the President intimates that such steps will be taken by this government "as may be found most consistent with its dignity, its duty to American interests, and its moral obligations to Central America and to civilization." It may be necessary, he says, to bring this subject to the attention of the congress in a special message.

Considerable attention is devoted to the political situation in the far east, to China and Japan. The policy of supporting the principle of equality of opportunity and scrupulous respect for the integrity of the Chinese empire is restated as unchanged. The matter of a revision of the existing treaty between the United States and Japan, which terminates in 1912, is shown to be already receiving the attention of both countries.

Mr. Taft "regrets" to refer to the fact of the discovery of extensive frauds in the collection of customs revenue at New York City, in which a number of the subordinate employes in the weighing and other departments were directly con-

cerned, and in which the beneficiaries were the American Sugar Refining Company, and others. The frauds consisted in the payment of duty on under-weights of sugar. The government, it is said, has recovered from the American Sugar Refining Company "all that it has shown to have been defrauded of." In the contract of settlement, the President adds, there was an express reservation by which the settlement should not interfere with or prevent the criminal prosecution of everyone who was found to be subject to the same.

As criminal prosecutions are under way against a number of the government officers, and as the treasury department is probing for other wrongdoers, the hope is expressed that congressional investigation will be delayed until the guilty parties are uncovered. That these frauds are chargeable to appointees of the Republican party, and that the chief beneficiary is a leading member of the trust, which, for years, has been fattened on Republican protection pap, naturally does not appear in the presidential message.

President Taft expresses great faith in the new tariff board, whose work will take several years to accomplish definite results. He says:

I believe the work of this board will be of prime importance whenever congress shall deem it wise again to readjust the customs duties. If the facts secured by the tariff board are of such a character as to show generally that the rates of duty imposed by the present tariff are excessive under the principles of protection as described in the platform of the successful party at the late election, I shall not hesitate to invite the attention of congress to this fact, and to the necessity for action predicated thereon.

All of which reads well, but in view of past performances the public can have little faith in Mr. Taft's promises concerning revision of the tariff. The "best tariff measure the country ever had" is what Mr. Taft has had the fatuous temerity to call the Aldrich-Payne humbug revision act. Since it went into effect there has been a gradual advance in the cost of living, the price of necessities increasing instead of decreasing, as promised. Take structural steel, on which, with a great hurrah, we were told the duty was lowered. By a little trick of verbiage, the duties on the larger amount of the product have been increased so that a jump of 80 per cent over the Dingley rate now is enforced on steel beams. This is a fair example of the revision downward tariff promised by Mr. Taft, before election.

Now he would add to the burdens of the people by passing a ship subsidy measure, to make up to the shipowner for what he is mulcted by the protective duty imposed on steel plate. He is to be reimbursed, but who is to reimburse the people who are compelled to pay both bonuses? This subsidy graft is to restore the merchant marine to its former standing on the high seas, speciously declares Mr. Taft. He recommends the passage of a bill by congress that shall induce the shipping interests to attempt to compete for business which they can never get so long as the tariff wall intervenes. It is the veriest buncombe. Mr. Taft is a disappointment.

CRITICISM OF A CRITIC

REVIEWING a recent work, "Why American Marriages Fail," by Mrs. Anna A. Rogers, Professor Richard Burton takes exceptions, in the *Bellman* (Minneapolis) to "the omission of a single monosyllabic word from the title." He contends that the absence of "some" gives the book a false start and "properly prejudices the reader against it." Without attempting to defend the subject matter—which we have not seen—from Dr. Burton's expert criticism we must venture to dissent from his contention that the nomenclature of the book is foolish and a reflection upon the methods of the publishers (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) in that it smacks of a tendency to yellow practices.

Why should the sadly overworked and often meaningless "some" be used in this connection? Mrs. Rogers does not imply that "all" American marriages fail, nor would the interpolating of "some" change the sense. If "some" American marriages fail they are American marriages just the same and they fail; ergo, American marriages fail. It is a plain statement of fact. Does it strengthen the statement "I am feeling better," to say "I am feeling 'some' better?" or "'some' day I shall do thus and so," when the meaning is

that one day, a vague day in the future, the promised action will be taken. We think not. Which is the better, clearer sentence: "There is 'some' sense in what you have done," or "There is sense in what you have done." The use of "some" in a sentence that is intended to be approving amounts to a slur, when the opposite meaning is sought to be conveyed. Such instances could be multiplied, ad nauseam.

If there is a failure in a certain percentage of American marriages—and who can deny it?—then Mrs. Rogers is justified in the use of her title. Everybody knows that not all American marriages are failures, hence the insertion of "some" would be a superfluity, in fact, a gratuitous explanatory interpolation, reflecting on the acumen of the reader. Dr. Burton should readjust his mental focus. He is so delightful and just a critic, ordinarily, that we dislike to see him enter the lists as special pleader for what is, at best, a sterile, unmeaning and often superfluous word.

GLIMPSE OF THE WEEKLY MAGAZINES

WHOLLY aside from the purely trade or class publications, and the daily and weekly newspapers that come to The Graphic exchange table, there are upward of thirty journals of critical comment, or having literary pretensions, in addition to their social features, that are valued and regular guests at our Saturday afternoon receptions. With the pressing demands for "copy" temporarily abated, the weekly task of letter-writing completed, and a holy calm pervading the sanctum, a dip is taken into the two dozen or so publications specially set aside for editorial perusal. Naturally, the *Argonaut*, for years a weekly visitant in and out of The Graphic, is first considered, its sprightly editorials digested in part, and its various entertaining features approvingly regarded. We do not always agree with its editor's point of view on current affairs, but its good English, its pungent book reviews, its intelligent comments and pleasing typographical appearance are ever a source of satisfaction in the contemplation.

San Francisco is prolific in five other ably edited weeklies, each with an individual flavor that stamps it as of enduring stability. The *News Letter* is a survival of the old *California Advertiser*, and proudly displays "Established July 20, 1856" on its orange-tinted cover. It has been strongly pro-Calhoun in the recent graft prosecution cases and bitterly anti-Heney. Like the *Argonaut*, its subscription is four dollars a year, and its specialty is automobile news, having, apparently, a first lien on the trade advertising that goes with it. *Town Talk* and the *Wasp* are close competitors for business. The former's special feature is legal advertising. Both are Calhoun adherents and Heney lampoonists. Each is handsomely presented typographically.

Mr. James H. Barry's *Star* is a vigorous exponent of Henry George's single-tax doctrines, and is, in addition, a sturdy defender of the rights of the people and opposed to the granting of special privileges to the wealthy corporations. Earnest in its advocacy of genuine tariff revision, it is equally inimical to the proposed ship subsidy grab, and does not hesitate to score President Taft for his spineless administration. The *Star* is a growing power in the northern metropolis, and should have a long and notable career ahead. In such outspoken, independent weeklies lies the hope of the country. Mr. Barry is fortunate in having associated with him so powerful and sarcastic a writer as Dr. W. G. Eggleston. It is hoped the *Star* will change its format and take on a magazine shape before long.

We have watched with considerable interest the course of the *California Weekly*, of which Mr. A. J. Pillsbury is the editor and manager. Mr. Pillsbury is a vigorous writer, with the courage to express his convictions. His publication has sought to be a second *Collier's* on the coast, but the absence of illustrations and a rather limited outlook have militated against the fruition of this hope. It is disappointing to find Mr. Pillsbury advocating the vicious and wholly indefensible ship subsidy plan to restore our merchant marine. Such an attitude is diametrically opposed to its fundamental principles, and places the paper at loggerheads with itself. Ship subsidies mean a

double burden of taxation to the people, another tax on the wage-earner to benefit a special class. Moreover, the system would profit nobody but the shipowner. The carrying rates would be as high as ever. The *California Weekly* must not be surprised if it loses ground by the continued persistence in such a course. We regret to note the limited advertising patronage, but the upbuilding of such a publication is necessary slow.

Hugh Hume, once of San Francisco, now edits "a journal of progress" farther north, in Portland, the *Spectator*. It has a trenchant editorial page and a whimsical outlook on general affairs much as might be expected of so experienced an editor. Seattle has a bright weekly in the *Week End*, edited by Mrs. J. C. Haines, with Miss Grace D. Orth as business manager. Naturally, it espouses the cause of woman suffrage, although in a sedate and dignified way. Social, literary, musical and dramatic topics are entertainingly discussed in its columns. From still farther north comes the *Winnipeg Town Topics*, a bright semi-illustrated weekly of social and artistic tendencies, with a good perspective on the modern drama.

Jumping to the northwest, the *Bellman* of Minneapolis is a high-class weekly of great merit, which is permeated with a distinct literary flavor. Bar a tendency to undue lengths in the discussion of a subject, which inclines to prosiness at times, the *Bellman* ranks next to the *Argonaut* in the presentation of well-digested material of a good grade. Its foreign correspondence, able book reviews, feature articles, decorative designs and beautiful half-tones combine to render it a superior publication. Typographically, it is a thing of joy, printed, as it is, on a buff-tinted paper of heavy caliber, and with a unique cover design in colors.

From Minneapolis to Madison, Wis., is an easy step. Here *La Follette's* breezy and independent weekly magazine, after a year of vigorous endeavor, is well established, fighting earnestly, like its distinguished founder, for the dissemination of the truth and the downfall of political tyrants. Of like nature is Louis F. Post's national journal, *The Public*, published in Chicago, which, however, gives a weekly digest of history in the making. Mr. Post is a devoted believer in Henry George's theories, is a Socialist in the best sense of the term, and is a courageous and forceful writer. His list of contributing editors includes many of the brightest minds in the socialistic world of writers.

While the *Chicago Interior* is an organ of the Presbyterian church, it is much more than a religious class publication. Its literary department for years has been an enjoyable feature, and its stories and illustrated descriptive articles add greatly to the general interest in its pages. The paper is owned by the wealthy McCormick family, is carefully edited and most acceptably printed. Another high-class Chicago publication is Francis F. Browne's semi-monthly *Dial*, devoted exclusively to literary criticism and discussion, and to the spread of literary information. Its book reviews are expertly presented, and, although its chief source of income is derived from publishers' announcements, no one ever found that its editorial consideration of a new book was influenced by sordid motives. There ought to be the making of a fine weekly literary magazine in the *Dial* if it ever decides to enlarge its scope.

To *Collier's* and *Harper's*, it is not necessary to make more than a brief reference, since, as weeklies enjoying a national fame, they are so well known to the reading public. The *Nation*, also of New York, is less familiar to the masses, although well known to literary workers everywhere. Like the *Dial*, it is a journal of higher literary criticism, but occupying a broader field. Its editorials are models of crisp, incisive writing, its viewpoint is sane and sound, and as a weekly visitor it keeps abreast of current topics. What the *London Spectator* is to British literary circles, the *New York Nation* is to this country. Equally high class, although in no sense similar to the *Nation*, is the *Outlook*, edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott. Its editorials, and digest of current news and special feature articles make it a most welcome weekly visitor.

Turning to St. Louis, William Marion Reedy's saucy and piquant *Mirror* is treasured as one of

the most enjoyable of weekly visitors. Mr. Reedy is a brilliant writer, a keen observer, a hater of shams and a lover of art in any form. His pungent and prolific pen gives zest and charm to the contents of the Mirror, whose pages are never dull, never banal.

Working back toward the coast, Clement Chase's Excelsior, at Omaha, is the first to consider. Mr. Chase is a newspaper man of long experience and marked ability, whose Excelsior has grown up with Omaha, and is as much a part of the city as Mr. Rosewater's Bee. It is an institution. Just beyond, at Lincoln, is published the Commoner, by William Jennings Bryan, whose marked success in making a weekly paper for the people probably inspired Senator La Follette to found his journal of personal expression at the Wisconsin capital. Still farther west is Goodwin's Weekly, at Salt Lake, a well-edited, well-printed weekly journal of critical comment and literary and social features. Crossing the high ranges and traversing the desert, we return again to California with a word of high praise for Mrs. Catherine Tingley's weekly magazine Century Path, devoted to the promulgation of theosophy and the study of ancient and modern ethics, philosophy, science and art. It is a beautifully printed, admirably edited publication.

Modesty forbids reference to The Graphic—it must speak for itself, but in the Pacific Outlook and the Rounder, Los Angeles has two other weeklies each catering to a special line of interests. The Outlook is the organ of the Municipal League, and its contents are largely devoted to the advancement of civic affairs. In Mr. Charles D. Willard, the erudite chief editorial writer, certainly no better authority on municipal matters can be found on the coast, and the Outlook is to be congratulated on having so clear-thinking and forceful a publicist associated with it. The Rounder is a comparative newcomer in the field, and its metier is found in the publication of the gossip of the local rialto. It seems to have been well received and is apparently in a flourishing condition.

Of course, there are other weeklies, many of them, in the country, well-edited and well-supported. The ones here briefly considered are of those that are regular visitors to The Graphic exchange table and by the editor constantly and faithfully read. In a way these weeklies are a luxury, yet not of a prohibitive nature. They supplement the work of the more materialistic dailies, and bring to each constituency another viewpoint, a less feverish outlook on life, let us hope, a higher ethical standard, a taste of better things that helps the reader to remember there is more in this life to be considered than murders, suicides, the divorce court and grafting politicians. With a sturdy independence and an honest regard for the right, the weekly magazine of critical comment is bound to increase its clientele and add to its influence for good as the education of the masses progresses.

PUBLIC GAMBLING IS APPROVED

WHAT a curious anomaly that in an election which went so overwhelmingly for good government a heavy majority vote should have been registered against the anti-gambling ordinance, which sought to prohibit dice-shaking at the cigar stands throughout the city. By a vote of 12,531 for, to 16,706 against, the people have declared in favor of the continuance of public gambling in this particular. Why they should balk at betting on a horse race while approving this form of hazard, is an exemplification of one of those quirks in the public conscience that so puzzled the elder Dundreary—"one of those d—d things that no fella can find out."

We hold that the publicly approved dice-shaking habit is inherently bad. It is a training school for the young, virtually a course in gambling, fostering, as it inevitably does, a taste for betting of all kinds, and leading to extravagances of living. The ordinance never should have gone to referendum. The average young man doesn't know what is good for him in this regard. He resents discipline at 21, more than he did at 16, and with his newly-acquired suffrage right distending his chest, he proceeds to exercise his glorious prerogative of declaring for personal liberty. We doubt not that a similar favorable ver-

dict would have been rendered for the licensing of books on horse racing, and by the same irresponsible, heedless vote, if the question had been left to such a decision. Councilmanic paternalism should have intervened and acted as a guardian of the youth of the city in this matter.

Other moot points settled by means of the referendum last Tuesday are the South Park franchise, which is denied; the telephone ordinance, also negatived; the public utilities ordinance, approved; the sale of city hall property, indorsed; and the sale of the city jail holding, also approved. These questions reveal intelligent discrimination in the main. The demand for licensed dice-shaking, however, proves that the majority of mankind is not averse to gambling. It is a speculative, hazard-taking age.

GRAPHITES

Alackaday! Following Walter Wellman's diatribe on Dr. Cook, comes a fearful story to the effect that a broker and a sea captain have testified that they were employed by Cook to fabricate astronomical and other observations for submission to the University of Copenhagen. Wow! This is an ice-cap, with a vengeance. Moreover, the doctor is reported missing, but whether he is in retirement in a sanatorium, as rumored, or has put the Atlantic between him and the American public is not apparent. It is only fair to state that an explanation is offered that the astronomical workings made by Captain Loose—significant name, that—were not used by Cook in his report, but were merely requested by him to serve to verify his own observations. We await with resignation the verdict from Copenhagen, where the polar explorer's "proofs" now lie.

Not content with flaying San Francisco's elite, Gertrude Atherton has turned her critical eye on Chicago, with maleficent results. She calls the Garden City an "awful place," the "pretentious, ugly, vulgar houses of the rich" particularly offending her aesthetic tastes. It must be said for Miss Atherton that she is not alone in her viewpoint. So cultured a critic as Mrs. John B. Sherwood of Chicago, in an address before the Garfield Park Woman's Club of that city, recently, is found saying of Chicago architecture that no part of it is artistic. The postoffice is "misshapen and ugly"—she is right—the new city and county buildings are condemned, also many other "notable symbols" of the new Chicago. The only hope for the city, she avers, lies in tearing it down and reconstructing it. Chicago is restive under the combined scolding of Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Atherton and newspaper resentment has developed. Comparisons may be odious, but these two women critics should have seen Chicago prior to the great fire of 1871. The present metropolis is a paradise of architectural art by contrast.

That grand old man, D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, whose philanthropy has taken form in countless gifts to small and struggling colleges throughout the country, in enclosing a check for fifty thousand dollars contributed to the endowment fund of Montpelier Seminary at Montpelier, Vt., recently wrote a letter accompanying, telling that he left Vermont in 1840 and feels he has been privileged to contribute to the betterment of the dear old state. He also adds this apostrophe: "Fifty thousand dollars, farewell! You have been in my keeping for many years and you have been a faithful servant. Your earnings have helped to educate many young men and women who have helped to make the world better. You came to me from the grand old white pine forests of Michigan, and now you are going into the hands of other stewards in the state of Vermont. In Montpelier you will go into the keeping of good business men, and you will be safe; as I expect that every dollar of this perpetual endowment fund will be kept intact and actively doing good for five hundred years. God's blessing go with you. Do your duty, and give the poor boys and girls of Vermont a fair chance."

President Taft has a difficult role to play at Washington this winter, trying to harmonize the various contending factors of the Republican party with the blatant Cannon denouncing the insurgents and the latter replying with withering scorn to his fulminations. With Representative Fowler sawing the air and Murdock of Kansas defiantly tossing his gauntlet, harmony is out of the question. We are not greatly impressed with Taft's ability as a strategist. His perennial smile may prove efficacious at times, but it will not suffice in emergencies, and there may be several of such before congress adjourns.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

THIS has been so strenuous a week for the Browser, as the enlarged current number of The Graphic bears mute witness, that literary dalliance in the Old Book Shop was necessarily limited to a brief flitting. But the time passed, though short, was yet prolific of results, in that I uncovered an early edition of Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler," that delightful discourse on fish and fishing which the quaint old lover of the art confesses that he wrote, not to please himself, but at the solicitation of others, hence he desires and hopes that if he receives not the commendation or credit of his readers, he may at least receive their pardon. He also wishes them to note that in writing "this pleasant curiosity" he has made himself a "recreation of a recreation," and that it might prove so to them, "and not read dull and tediously. I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth," of which, if the reader chance to be a "severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given, but taken."

* * *

I have several different editions of Isaak Walton's enduring masterpiece, but all of a modern make. This little volume, fished out, so to speak, this week, is dated London, 1836; it is embellished with numerous wood cuts of a piscatorial nature, and contains, to my delight, a reproduction in facsimile of a page of music by H. Lawes, entitled "The Angler's Joy." It is hard to realize that "The Complete Angler" was written so long ago as 1653, and the last publication in the author's lifetime was dated 1676. Isaac or Isaak Walton, as he used to write it, was born in 1593. He kept a linen draper's shop in London, but his trade was that of a sempster or milliner. He was happily married, and in 1643 retired from trade and from London, to live upon a small estate near Stafford. His favorite recreation was angling, in which he is said to have been the greatest proficient of his time. Indeed, so marked was his skill and experience in the art that every writer on the subject since his time has been glad to avail himself of Walton's rules and practice. Hence, with great propriety, he has been called "the common father of all anglers."

* * *

His favorite resort was the river Lea, which, rising in Hertfordshire, falls into the Thames, a little below Blackwall. It is a curious fact that the precepts of angling, that is to say, the rules and directions for taking fish with a hook and line, until Walton's time, had not been reduced to writing, except in a most limited manner—in 150 years only four treatises having appeared—but, like the sagas of the north, were propagated from age to age, chiefly by tradition. I wish I owned a copy of that first edition of 1653, with its subtitle of "or Contemplative Man's Recreation," issued in small duodecimo, and adorned with exquisite steel plates of many of the fish mentioned.

* * *

What constitutes the main charm of this pastoral is the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humor of the dialogue, the lovely scenery it delineates, the enchanting poetry which it contains and the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates. Walton was not a great scholar—his business training precluded that. Yet his attainments in literature were far beyond what could be expected from a man bred to trade. He appears, however, to have been well acquainted with history, ecclesiastical, civil and natural; to have acquired a correct judgment in poetry, and to have formed a style so natural, intelligent and elegant as to have had many admirers and few successful imitators. In his lifetime five editions of the "Complete Angler" appeared in an interval of twenty-three years, with new data added by the author to each successive edition, so that the last, in 1676, contained eight more chapters than were in the initial volume of 1653.

* * *

It was not until 1676, when Walton was in his eighty-third year, that Charles Cotton wrote a second part for the work, which received the approbation of his aged preceptor. It is regarded as a judicious supplement to Walton's efforts, since, although he was an expert angler, he knew little of fly-fishing. Cotton lived in a locality where that form of fishing was almost the only practice. Besides his "Complete Angler," Isaak Walton wrote a series of lives of the Bishop of Lincoln, of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wooten, Richard Hooker and George Herbert, also no little excellent poetry. At ninety he published the pastoral history of "Thealma and Clearchus" in smooth and easy verse. He died December 15, 1683, 226 years ago this month. S. T. C.

REFLECTIONS ON CARRYING A GUN

MANSLAUGHTER, murder and the peril of sudden death by violence again are becoming uncomfortably common in the Golden State. That so many murderers are never brought to book or else escape punishment through the loopholes of the law probably encourages the industry. But prevention would be better than punishment. And the surest prevention might be found in putting the gun out of commission. If statistics could be demonstrated of the number of revolvers sold every day in San Francisco, the result would be astounding. And although it is a misdemeanor to carry a concealed weapon, I imagine the law is more honored in the breach than in the observance. At all events, there are an extraordinary number of men who always "go heeled." The practice is not conducive to civilization, nor is it a nice advertisement for California of the twentieth century. Unhappily, it is still a confirmed legend in Europe that it is not discreet to walk in San Francisco or even in Los Angeles without a six-shooter strapped to the waist.

* * *

Under the present system it is the simplest thing in the world to get a permit "to carry a gun." The permit is granted on any pretext, from the petitioner representing himself as an officer of the Humane Society—a delightful irony—to pretending that he has to go home late at night. In the latter circumstance, providing against an encounter with a footpad, the carrying of arms is more dangerous than defensive. The prudent person, when "held up," will respond with alacrity, and if he has a gun in his hip pocket, it will only prove an addition to the highwayman's spoils. If the "held up" is imprudent enough to try to use his gun, the odds are considerable he will lose his life as well as his "wad." What on earth members or officers of the Humane Society need with deadly weapons I have never been able to discover. Of course, it is only a subterfuge.

* * *

Why then is the "carying of guns" so prevalent? Many Californians have carried a gun since they first wore breeches, and would feel undressed without it. It is as much a part of their dress as is an Englishman's pipe or stick. They are quite unconscious of it, and many of them probably never would think of using it even if opportunity tempted. Many other men, otherwise good citizens and not vain persons, carry a gun because they imagine it adds to their importance as well as to their weight. They are prone to display it on small provocation, conveying the impression to beholders of a mysterious danger which constantly confronts them. With both these classes of gun-carriers it may be an innocent habit or a silly vanity, but it is none the less a vicious example. Obviously, the more guns that are carried the more will "go off," the more accidents there will be and the more murders will be done. The wise prevention would be for the state to impose the most rigid restrictions on the sale of firearms, by making it a misdemeanor to sell a revolver to anyone not already provided with a permit, or even by exacting a license fee from every owner of a revolver.

* * *

Even in peaceful Santa Barbara, the other day, the chief of police told me there was a gun famine in the hardware stores and sporting goods establishments. For several moons there has been a bloody dispute in Chinese circles from San Francisco to the City of Peace. And the row started, I believe, in Santa Barbara. But there has been no bloodshed there, for all the Chinese are Yees. And as they now are all armed, no envoy of the On Yicks is likely to take a chance. It has not been easy to keep tab of the slaughter in San Francisco, but to date the score is five to two in favor of the Yicks, with two accidental victims "on the side." Nobody seems to mind much if the Chinese take to shooting each other, so long as it is done in their own quarter, when there are no tourists around. There was, however, a show of indignation when a Yick so far forgot himself as to kill a Yee outside the limits—on a street frequented by whites. But the chief cause of indignation was on account of the danger from a stray bullet to a passing American. The Chinese, however, have no monopoly of shooting on the streets of San Francisco. At present there is a captain of police charged with killing a young man who had been rash enough to offer him assistance while lying hopelessly drunk in the gutter. Apparently, it is to be as difficult to convict a policeman of murder as a Chinese. In the preliminary hearing, Captain Conboy produced a number of most extraordinary witnesses and developed such a colossal "pull" that he was ad-

mitted to bail! Last Saturday evening a crazy man, after holding up two drug stores, walked into a Hamman bath and killed the night clerk.

* * *

Do not these two single examples—and any reader of the daily press knows that they might be multiplied indefinitely—sufficiently demonstrate that drastic measures are necessary to prevent the use and abuse of firearms? In a recent infamously notorious case it was shown that a rustic maiden—the latest "heroine" of "the unwritten law"—was wont to strap a revolver to her garter. The fact that Alma Bell was known to pursue her amours with a gun in her stocking did not seem to excite unusual comment in Placer county. And yet, surely it is not a pleasant commentary upon a civilized country. The reflection is not relieved when Joaquin Miller, the laureate of the woolly west, urges native daughters to follow the example of St. Alma.

* * *

"Gun-play," when you come to think of it, is an illuminating phrase. If infers a dalliance with deadly weapons that is not considered seriously. But so long as men and even women are in the habit of carrying guns and it provokes no adverse comment, murder and manslaughter will continue to be common occurrences in California. If public opinion does not prevent the habit, it is time for the legislature to devise prohibitive means. And it would seem quite simple to make the sale of revolvers at least as difficult as the sale of deadly poisons.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, December 7.

GOSSIP OF OLD DRURY LANE TAVERN

OLD DRURY THEATER is a favorite spot with Americans who love to idle an hour in the old Drury Tavern next door, the resort for more than a century of the giants of the London stage. Here every actor of note in the old days met—Kean and Macready, Liston and Toole, and many more; while in literature the portly body of Dr. Maginn might frequently be seen squeezing through the thin, narrow doorway leading into the parlor. One of Dr. Maginn's favorite stories, as he sat in the biggest chair in the parlor of Old Drury Tavern, was how he frightened Mr. Blackwood, the proprietor of the magazine bearing that name, when he introduced himself to that gentleman. The doctor had contributed several papers to the magazine, but Mr. Blackwood had never seen the writer. At that time Blackwood's was famed for its scurrillity, sparing no man; so it may be easily imagined what Mr. Blackwood's thoughts were one morning when a big, six-foot Irishman, with a mighty blackthorn stick in his hand, stepped inside the publisher's room with the inquiry, "Shure, and is the editor within?" That was how Maginn used to tell the tale of his meeting with Blackwood, and how scared the latter looked, until the other introduced himself by name; and then, what a lot of Scotch and Irish disappeared.

* * *

It was here that Father Prout introduced Thackeray to the clever Irishman. Thackeray was a young buck in those days, and he thought, as he wished to make a name, he could not do better than start that expensive toy, a magazine. He wanted an editor, so Father Prout recommended Billy Maginn. As Prout used to tell in the parlor of the Old Drury Tavern, when all was settled, "It wasn't so easy to get hold of Master Maginn in those times. However, I did get hold of him, and put Thackeray's proposition to him." "The deck must be cleared for action," he said, and before Maginn could go into the matter, he must have \$2,500 for deck clearing. "This was a startling beginning," Father Prout would add, "but Maginn was not to be had on any other terms. As he was the only available man at the time, Thackeray was obliged to come to Maginn's terms, who got his five hundred pounds, and I brought them together here." Yes, the young man of fashion, and the man in the position, first met in the Old Drury parlor, corner of Vinegar yard, Byrdges street, now Catherine street.

* * *

Whoever has seen Maclise's cartoon of writers in Fraser's Magazine, about the time referred to (1835), will see Maginn addressing the brilliant company from the chair—Thackeray is four removed from the president, between Percival Banks and Churchill. A young man with lots of hair, the deep stock of the time, and a glass in one eye is Thackeray, facing his old friend Frank Mahony (Father Prout). Allan Cunningham is there, and several more celebrities. The meeting at the Old Drury Tavern described was, of course, of earlier date than this cartoon by Maclise, for therein Thackeray is an old-established contributor to Fraser, sitting at the board with Thomas Carlyle and Coleridge. When Thackeray

and Maginn next met in the old parlor of this tavern, they had quarreled over the non-success of the magazine. Maginn was in a towering passion and volunteered an eastern tale, about two pashas, close friends, and how they divided their property in a manner which gave all of it to one of them.

* * *

Much has happened since Drury Lane Theater was rebuilt in 1794, when Mr. Whitbread contended that the actor was like a portrait in a picture, and accordingly placed the green curtain in a gilded frame, remote from the footlights, alleging that no performer should mar the illusion by stepping out of the frame. The rebuilding of the theater brought the old tavern to the front, and from its proximity to the theater it became a favorite rendezvous of the players who performed on its boards. It would be impossible here to give one-hundredth part of the eventful scenes which have taken place in this tavern's interior. In reference to the ukase issued by Mr. Whitbread: it was in the parlor of this house Downton raised the standard of rebellion. "Don't tell me," he ejaculated, "of frames and pictures. If I can't be heard by the audience in the frame, I'll walk out of it!" The proscenium was, after that, newly modelled, and the actors thereby brought nearer to the audience. At that time the tavern did not bear quite the same name as it does now; in fact, it has changed its name more than once, and in the memory of most of the present generation it was known as the Opera Tavern, and the Old Opera Tavern, as well as the one it now bears.

* * *

In 1843, for instance, when Young Dutch Sam was landlord, it sailed under the same flag as it sails at present, the Old Drury Tavern; but when Messrs. Emery and Musfitt became the lessees, they changed the sign to the Old Opera Tavern. Their successor, Thomas Harrison, thinking perhaps, that antiquity had little to do with his business, dropped the "Old" out, and so it was known for a long time simply as the Opera Tavern. Later, years later, the old sign was resumed, the one it had at first and has now, and which, doubtless, it will retain to the end of time, namely, that of the Old Drury Tavern. Beyond the conversion of the parlor into a large bar, with many entrances and exits, very little alteration in the house has taken place since it was built, years and years ago. The ceilings are not low, but the massive beams which cross them speak of old age, while the house itself has from the outside a kind of dumped-up appearance, which age lends to individuals as well as to buildings. Inside, however, there is everything to please the eye and to stimulate the appetite or thirst of the many customers who patronize the house. In the furnishings the new mingles so happily with the old that a person feels, while enjoying all the luxuries of the present time, that he is still within measurable distance of the past, when the tavern was the rendezvous of not only players, but of authors.

* * *

Doubtless many readers of The Graphic have heard vague allusions to the "whistling oyster" without knowing precisely what was meant. One day in 1840, when the landlord of Old Drury Tavern, Samuel Evans, better known as Young Dutch Sam, the famous pugilist, was attending the bar, in steps his neighbor, George Pearkes, proprietor of the Vinegar Yard Oyster Shop, near by, to wet his whistle. "I say, Sam," says Pearkes, "I've got a rum thing at my shop. Bless me, if I ain't got a whistling oyster!"

Sam guffawed derisively. "It's right, Sam," retorted his customer, just a bit chagrined, "and if you don't believe me, come into my shop and hear him; he is whistling, I don't know whether it's 'God Save the Queen' or 'Nix, My Dolly, Pals Fake Away,' for I'm no judge of music; but for all that, he whistles, and whistles beautifully, too."

Sam went, and was converted, for there was no doubt that the oyster did whistle. At that time, as now, the oyster shop in Vinegar yard was famous for its natives, which Mr. Pearkes indulged in every luxury he thought they could require. He had them in tubs, in which they rested in layers, with lots of oatmeal, as well as salt water, placidly to fatten on while awaiting the inevitable advent of the remorseless knife. On this special day he could hardly believe his ears, when he heard issuing from one of the tubs a whistling, not a tune from "Don Giovanni," perhaps, but a tune certainly. There was no doubt about the matter, and as it was not difficult to detect the phenomenal bivalve, he was in a few minutes picked out from among his fellows, and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a bountiful supply of brine and oatmeal. The news spread from Young Dutch Sam's house all over London, and

for many days the fortunate Mr. Pearkes found his place of business besieged by curious crowds.

How it whistled has never been known, but that it did whistle is beyond doubt. As for the jokes and sayings which the creature gave rise to in its brief span of life, they would fairly fill a large folio; and readers of the London Punch, in its early volumes, were treated to the famous picture of the "Whistling Oyster," drawn, it is almost needless to add, from a purely imaginative point of view. The cartoon has been reproduced in large size upon the lamp which now marks the door of the establishment in Vinegar yard. "The oyster crossed in love" was a song of Joe Grimaldi's, years before Thackeray, in the parlor of the Old Drury Tavern, related that once he was actually in the shop when an American came in to see the phenomenon, but, after hearing the talented mollusk go through its usual performance, strolled out contemptuously, declaring it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled "Yankee Doodle" right through, and followed his master about the house like a dog. Mr. Pearkes lived many years after upon that oyster.

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, November 26.

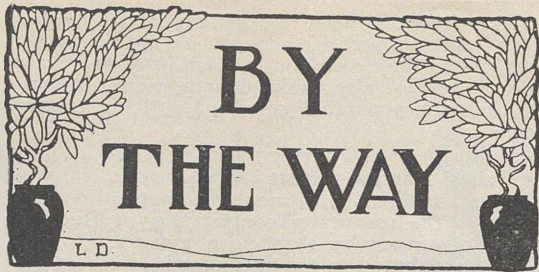
ECHOES OF THE RECENT CAMPAIGN

In the composition of the new city council, Judge John D. Works probably will succeed President Niles Pease, with W. J. Washburne at the head of the finance committee and with Miles Gregory chairman of the building committee. It will be the first time in years that the head of the finance committee has not been a resident of the Fifth ward. Mr. Washburne is a near neighbor of Senator Frank P. Flint over in East Los Angeles, which section was, prior to recent ward obliteration in the choosing of councilmen, the First ward of the city. Mr. Washburne is the first bank official who has been a councilman in twenty years. Vice-president Charles H. Toll of the Security Savings had had no banking experience when he was a member of the council from the Fifth ward a dozen years or so ago, although at that time he served as chairman of the council finance committee.

Mayor Alexander remarked, in reply to a request for an estimate of the situation the morning of election, that he expected to win by about 2,500 majority, which goes to prove that the old gentleman, as usual, is a pretty shrewd political guesser. With the municipal campaign at an end, honors fall to the Express and to the Herald for their successful and even brilliant work throughout. The conduct of the Times, on the other hand, was painfully stupid, to the point of doltishness, just the reverse of its attitude in the Lindley campaign of three years ago. Political asininity hardly could have been more egregiously displayed.

Former Police Commissioner Sam Shenck was among those who predicted the probable election of George Alexander as mayor. Three years ago Shenck raised all the money he could in order to wager that Arthur C. Harper would defeat Lee C. Gates and Dr. Walter C. Lindley. I am told he cleared upward of \$10,000 in real money by backing his judgment. This year probably not more than \$25,000 all told was wagered upon Tuesday's result, and the professional gambling element, which cares nothing for sentiment in such matters, while shouting itself hoarse for Smith, fixed the betting odds early in the campaign at from 2 to 1 to 10 to 8 on George Alexander.

With the municipal election ended and the results known, one may be forgiven for recalling a few of the noticeable incidents of a campaign that, in more ways than one, was peculiar. The well-attended dinner given by the rump Republican managers at Al Levy's, a few nights before election day, brought together a notable company, as it was intended that it should. And quite properly that feast secured a lot of newspaper space the following morning, as its news importance justified. Among the banqueters were Col. William A. Garland, J. Harvey McCarthy, and Stanley Wilson, all on the Times blacklist, yet the trio was quoted in a most enthusiastic manner next morning by the paper which in the past has assiduously lampooned and derided these several citizens. Now all—including the general—having bunked in the same political bed, the taboo is removed—temporarily. Truly, the municipal campaign of 1909 will go down in history as one of the most astonishing experiences this community ever has known, not for its sensations, but for its oddities.



He May be Ambassador to Mexico

Who is the Los Angeles applicant for the Mexican ambassadorship? I have been asked several times, since the dispatch from Washington appeared in the papers, telling of the filing of papers with the state department. I can answer the queries. The candidate is Charles Sumner Young of this city, who, prior to coming to California, twenty-two years ago, was state superintendent of public schools of Nevada for four years, for two years attorney and land agent for Nevada at the national capital, and formerly owner and editor of the Reno (Nev.) Daily Gazette. He was a delegate to the Blaine and Logan convention at Chicago in 1884, and was on the committee of notification; served as president of a national convention of education in Washington in 1880, and was the Republican nominee for superintendent of common schools of San Francisco in 1894. He is an Ohioan by birth, going to Nevada in 1877, and coming to California ten years later. For the last decade, when not in the east on business and in Mexico, he has made his home in Bakersfield and in Los Angeles. I am told that Mr. Young's candidacy for the Mexican ambassadorship has been indorsed in writing by sixteen United States senators, three ex-United States senators, twelve governors, five ex-governors, seven presidents of universities, seven United States representatives, two justices of the supreme court, two secretaries of states, two bishops and numerous other officials and influential private citizens.

Testimonial to Dr. Follansbee

That was a most gracious and delightful tribute paid by the Los Angeles County Medical Society to Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee last Friday evening when, at the regular monthly gathering, the first half of the meeting was devoted to an eulogy of this generous and unselfish member of the profession. Coming to Los Angeles thirty years ago, Dr. Follansbee has been for twenty-five years of the medical faculty of the University of Southern California (now affiliated with the state university at Berkeley), as instructor in diseases of children. In all this time she has given of her time and money, unreservedly, practicing in the best families of the city and in the poorest, and benefitting the latter by what she acquired from the former. Her noble traits were feelingly referred to by Dr. Stanley Black, Dr. Walter Lindley and by Dr. William A. Edwards at the Friday evening meeting, and at the close of his remarks, Dr. Edwards, in behalf of the Los Angeles County Medical Society, as a testimonial of the high regard in which her professional associates hold her, presented Dr. Follansbee with a purse of one thousand dollars. It was an occasion to remember, and I rejoice at the opportunity to disclose this worthy action on the part of the Medical Society to one who has done so much good in so unostentatious a manner as has Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee.

Purveyors to the Czarinas

I was interested in learning from the picturesque Antonio Apache that the fame of the Indian Crafts Exhibit, of which Henry E. Huntington is president and Antonio is manager, had extended into the domain of the Czar of Russia as well as into other parts of Europe. Not long ago a "Gentilhomme de la Chambre de S.M. l'Empereur de Russie," which, translated, means a gentleman of the court of the Russian Czar, came to the coast and, unknown to the general public, enjoyed a short stay in Los Angeles with his party. Among other places of interest he visited was the Indian Village, out near Eastlake Park, where he astonished the clerks by buying enough articles of Indian craft to stock a small store or start a reservation of his own. Tepee, pipes, blankets, war clubs, head dress, costumes, bead work and various and sundry other articles of Indian workmanship were included in his purchases, and it was not until just before he left that the Russian nobleman revealed his identity and explained that he wanted the things to take back as gifts to the children of the Czar. Recently, Mr. Apache received a personal letter from the friend of Nicholas, asking for a shipment of additional articles of Indian craft to his home in St. Petersburg. Personally, I am hoping that the Russian

envoy has carefully explained to the Czar and his court associates that while the aborigines are addicted to the practical use of these implements, equipment and garb, their white successors resident in Los Angeles, fancy they have improved on the Indian apparel.

Johnny Mott Captures Northern City

I hear that Past Exalted Ruler John G. Mott made a great hit in San Francisco last Sunday at the Princess Theater, when, as chief speaker at the annual memorial exercises of the San Francisco Elks Lodge, No. 3, he delighted the Elks and their friends by his impressive and picturesque oratory. I have heard John make several public addresses in the past and have greatly enjoyed his forceful delivery, pleasing diction and graphic illustrations. In dwelling upon the basic principles of the Elks, their humanity, which is the Alpha and Omega of their gospel of fraternity, John was at his best, so those who were present unite in telling me.

Joe Sartori to Address City Club

If there is any one man who knows more about the new California bank law than Joe Sartori, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. The alert president of the Security Savings Bank is to speak on this topic at the weekly luncheon of the City Club today, at Hotel Westminster, and I venture to say it will be an illuminating address, delivered in that nervous, convincing manner so characteristic of the able banker.

Wooden Writer, Not Wedding

I was measurably edified this week by a local story in the always entertaining Times concerning Fritz Scheff's first wedding anniversary, which she and John Fox, Jr., her husband, will celebrate next Monday in San Francisco. Only the Times' young man—the writer certainly was not a woman—persisted in referring to the affair as the "wooden" wedding anniversary. I have labored under the delusion that the "wooden" anniversary was celebrated the fifth year of marriage, and the first one was called the "linen" wedding, as a gentle reminder, possibly, to friends of the young couple that petite articles of linen would be acceptable presents at about that period. However, I have not heard that Fritz Scheff was in a receptive mood for such tiny bits of lingerie. Still, I beg to offer congratulations to both artistic natures on having survived the trials and tribulations of their first year of wedlock without recourse to the law.

Public Gets Left in Steamer Rate War

As was predicted in this column several weeks ago, the coastwise steamer rate war has ended with the public, as is not unusual in such cases, in the rear of the procession. Always, in such a struggle, the stronger element is in position to cut away under its weaker opponent, which, of course, is what has happened in this instance. Passengers who should have patronized the opposition of course did just the other thing. Now that the steamer St. Croix is out of commission, there is an end to anything like a \$3.50 rate between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Before long, the public will begin to experience poor service, with the schedules as high as ever, and perhaps higher.

George Crocker Well Known Here

George Crocker, formerly of San Francisco, and more recently of New York, whose death was announced this week, was well known in Los Angeles. For years he was an extensive property-holder both here and in Long Beach. In Santa Barbara and at Monterey the Pacific Improvement Company is the owner of large tracts of ranch and other lands. This particular organization is an offshoot of the Southern Pacific, of which the Crocker family founder was, with Leland Stanford and Collis P. Huntington, one of the originators. The late George Crocker, at one time owned the corner of Sixth and Main streets, now the site of the Central building. Another branch of the family for years lived where the new Elks' Club is located, at Third and Grand avenue, which, twenty years ago, was one of the show residences of Los Angeles. George Crocker was a man of kindly nature, who numbered his friends here by the score.

New Land Office Registrar

With the selection of Frank Buren as successor to General Frank C. Prescott, as registrar of the land office, there has come a reward to one of the kindest and most hard working of men. Buren has been Senator Flint's private secretary ever since the latter's election. He is not yet forty, and when first chosen by the senator to accompany him to Washington, he was a struggling stenographer. Senator Flint picked his sec-

retary from the employ of the Santa Fe, and reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the new appointee never was in politics until the junior California senator discovered him. General Prescott served several terms as assemblyman from San Bernardino. He was speaker of the lower house for one session, and is a veteran of the Philippine military service as a volunteer. He is a disciplinarian, and his rulings subjected him to bitter criticism at times by Imperial valley settlers, but no one can successfully attack his probity.

Authors' Night at University Club

Authors' night at the University Club's monthly dinner, Thursday evening, was the occasion of considerable fun as well as uncovering much unsuspected talent in the membership. The authors were duly labeled and posed as the '09 graduating class of "Phoenix" University. After listening to a mournful harangue from "President" Harry Mayberry, the class, composed of George Ade (by proxy), Robert J. Burdette, Dr. Walter Lindley, Prof. Frederick Stevenson, Willoughby Rodman, Warren E. Lloyd, B. R. Baumgardt, Sam T. Clover, Dr. Norman Bridge, Dr. Frank Bullard, "Dr." Harry Brook, Judge Curtis D. Wilbur and Thos. Lee Woolwine, was ranged in two rows, facing the audience, each member bearing a huge placard on his breast marked "author." R. L. Horton appeared for George Ade and read one of Ade's humorous college sketches. "Bob" Burdette's contribution caused roars of laughter. Dr. Lindley talked most entertainingly of a visit to Stoke Pogis churchyard and of Gray and Milton, and in turn the entire class delivered itself of original stunts, alternately humorous and serious. Lee Gates followed Bob Burdette with a eulogy of his sweet and mellow wit, and George H. Dunlap, E. S. Tapaan, Judge Conrey and W. N. Chambers added to the fun by their clever critical comments. For pure, clean enjoyment, the University Club's monthly dinners and post-prandial exercises are sui generis, and, save for the Sunset Club's gatherings, are unapproached for the good fellowship engendered.

Changes in Banking Affairs

Early in the new year will take place several changes of importance affecting the banks of the city. The American Savings Bank, now located at Third and Spring streets, is to remove to the location until recently occupied by the Los Angeles Trust Company, at Second and Spring. The latter institution now is comfortably housed in the Central building, at Sixth and Main streets, where it is to remain for at least a year, by which time it is expected that its own new twelve-story home at Sixth and Spring streets will be ready for occupancy. When the Metropolitan Savings Bank has merged its identity in the Los Angeles Trust Company, that was, the cashier of the enlarged institution will be T. J. Spence, at present occupying the same position with the Metropolitan, while General Robert Wankowski, for years the Los Angeles Trust cashier, is to be made secretary of the larger concern, a new position created for his special benefit, where his particular talents are expected to fit in most admirably. Mr. Spence, as well as General Wankowski, belongs to the younger banking element, and, like the latter, he enjoys the confidence of his superiors and of the business community generally, to a gratifying degree. President J. C. Drake will continue at the head of the combined bank, with Postmaster M. H. Flint, now at the head of the Metropolitan, as his first vice-president. They should make a team hard to beat in their particular lines of endeavor.

Will Porter's Prospective New Duties

I wonder if it really is true that W. S. Porter is to become the Southern Pacific Company's fuel superintendent, as is intimated in a letter that reached Los Angeles this week from San Francisco. It is insisted from this source that soon after January 1, the Associated Oil Company, as such, is to be taken over by the railroad which, by the way, has controlled the oil corporation for years. It is said that when this transfer is consummated, Mr. Porter's new and enlarged duties are to begin. While it may be true that C. A. Canfield is out of Associated, as is intimated in certain quarters, it is freely asserted that Joseph Chanslor remains one of the most important holders of the stock. With a rise of more than twenty dollars a share in less than two months, young Mr. Chanslor has a profit on his twenty thousand shares of \$400,000. Cy Myrick, known in certain investment circles as a plunger of considerable standing, really is the biggest little winner in Associated. He was in Europe with James J. Jeffries when he accidentally learned that the stock was booked for a professional price rise. As soon as he landed in New York, on his way home,

Myrick wired out here instructing certain brokers to take on for his account as much Associated Oil as they could buy. I am informed that James J. Jeffries also took advantage of the Myrick tip with profitable results, but to a lesser degree.

Roy Jones' Narrow Defeat

By ten votes Roy Jones lost out at Santa Monica in the mayoralty contest, Mayor Dudley landing a winner by that close margin. Roy's defeat is attributed to the fact that he lives away north of the newer influx of voters, who are not so well acquainted with the virtues and versatility of the senator's able son. Mayor Dudley is a warm friend of the Jones family at Miramar, and the contest throughout was of an amicable nature. I hasten to congratulate the beach city on the election of Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Seymour to the board of education. That was good work. Another bright woman, Mrs. Force Parker, is a member of the Ocean Park school board. I see, by the way, that Editor Holt of the Daily Outlook has disposed of his Santa Monica paper to a syndicate which has installed H. M. Meinhell in the editorial chair. With the passing of the city printing to the rival Journal of Ocean Park and Santa Monica, the picking became so lean that Brother Holt decided to seek other pastures. His successor in evidence is a bright writer. He turned in many live stories for The Evening News when acting as its Ocean Park correspondent, as I happen to know.

GOETHAM'S LATEST LAUGHMAKER

"SEVEN DAYS," now running at the Astor Theater, is an assured success. In these days of failures and semi-failures, it is a satisfaction to see a theater filled to capacity with people who have paid for their seats and to know that it will be filled again tomorrow and the next night. The play is genuinely funny farce comedy. Its success is another testimonial to the fact that the public likes to laugh and goes en masse to the theater where it can see the thing that tickles its funny bone. After the performance I noticed, just ahead of me, two women with broad grins on their faces. One said, "That's the silliest thing I ever saw." The other said, "It made you laugh." The first replied, "I'm laughing yet." The farce that can make you laugh and keep you laughing is sure of success. In "Seven Days," the authors, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, have made use of all the time-honored, mirth-producing expedients they could think of, have added several new and original ideas and have poured over the whole a sauce surprisingly piquant in its flavor. Spiritualism, table tipping, woman's suffrage, vaccination, patent medicine, cook book vagaries, are all called upon to add to the fun. The curtain rises on the drawing room in the New York residence of James Wilson. It is dusk. A burglar enters with his little, flashing lantern, but before he can get what he wants and escape, the butler turns on the lights and the thief takes refuge behind a screen. Mr. Wilson enters, followed by Kit McNair and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who are his guests for dinner, and almost immediately funny things begin to happen.

* * *

James Wilson craves conjugal happiness. His wife has divorced him, technically, because of psychical brutality, but really because he is too fat. It seems particularly hard luck, for "he was doing his best to reduce, but she just wouldn't give him time." He tries to capture Kit, but she will consent only to a trial engagement, that is, she explains, an engagement which the girl can break any time and the man not at all. "Will there be kissing?" he asks. "Oh, no," she says, "that's one of the trials of the trial engagement." A telegram comes from his Aunt Selina which announces her intention of passing the evening with her dear James. Aunt Selina thinks her nephew an exemplary young man; she knows nothing of his divorce, or of his other peccadillos, but she considers him a bit extravagant in the matter of plumbing. He usually charges his little extras up as plumbing, for, as Aunt Selina pays the bills, it is well to retain her good opinion. Kit McNair is called upon to impersonate the divorced wife, whom Aunt Selina has never seen, and the room is quickly cleared of incriminating objects by the simple process of throwing them over the screen upon the unoffending burglar. To fortify their nerves each drinks a cocktail, but Anne Brown has had nothing to eat since breakfast, and immediately begins to "feel wobbly" and to develop unexpected loquacity and pectinacy.

* * *

Aunt Selina is announced. The name strikes a latent chord in Anne's brain. "My mother had a sister who had a cat named Selina," she says with

an irresistible laugh. "Isn't that a funny name for a cat?" There is nothing that she wants to do so much as to convey that fact to Aunt Selina, and she is amiably persistent in her attempts. The scene is excruciatingly funny, and it is beautifully played by Miss Florence Reed. As Miss Reed has recently endeared herself to Los Angeles theatergoers, it is hardly necessary to say how very well she does, but it is so difficult to play a scene like this with that sense of proportion which keeps it always within bounds that it seems remarkable that she never once overshoots the mark. Her facial control is quite wonderful. As she begins to get over the cocktail, she develops new and unexpected psychic powers. The burglar, trying to escape, gradually moves the screen toward the window. Anne sees the apparently extraordinary performance of the screen, and, thinking she is responsible, begins to make passes and commands the screen to go back where it belongs. The burglar, fearing for his safety, obeys. The others think Anne's experience purely the left-over of the cocktail and later, when the table tips, and the telephone flies up and down the chimney, they think her troubles have gone to her head and her husband humors her because he has a nice sanitarium picked out for her.

* * *

In a huff, the divorced wife comes in. She has seen an ambulance leave the house and she fears that something has happened to her husband, whom she still loves. To cover up her embarrassment, when she finds him perfectly well, she says she "just happened to be passing and thinking that nobody was at home, came in to see the cook." But it happens that the cook was in the ambulance, being taken to the hospital with a supposed case of smallpox. The health department quarantines the house and with the addition of a policeman, who had inadvertently dropped asleep when calling on the maid, and Tom Harbison, who is in love with Kit, they are all locked in and vaccinated. Then come more complications and more fun. The next morning, in various stages of dress and undress, the entire party, with the exception of the burglar, who passes his time running up and down in the dumb waiter, to the edification and mystification of the policeman and the psychic, Anne Brown, gathers in the kitchen. The ex-wife attempts to escape first through the coal hole and later through a window, sending the audience into paroxysms of laughter. There is an attempt to cook an omelette with the help of a cook book that is deliciously funny. The direction to "take two eggs, separate them and beat them, mix them and beat them again" seems to the inexperienced cooks the product of a blood-thirsty mind, and results in a mess that is a meager barrier between the burglar and starvation, especially as in hiding behind the stove while Kit operates upon the toast and omelette, he barely escapes untimely death.

* * *

Miss O'Ramey as Kit is a close second to Miss Reed. Her facial expression is excellent, and her sense of comedy infallible. She never fails to score with her lines; if there is any fun in them she brings it out. The funny sayings and doings continue without a let-up for three acts. To tell them all would only spoil the play for those who may see it. The cast as a whole is good. One or two members play with an exaggeration that might be toned down effectively, but that is an unimportant detail in so pronounced a success. Except for an occasional line that could be omitted without loss, the play is clean and well worth seeing, especially if one wishes an evening's amusement which shall in no way be a tax upon the intellect. ANNE PAGE.

New York, December 6.

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Picture lovers have been treated to decided originality of late. First came Mr. Jack Stark with his impressionistic canvases, paintings, the like of which never have been seen in Los Angeles before. Now comes Mr. Ralph Mocine, an artist of Southern California, who, though not so brilliant a colorist as the former, gives through deep contrasts of light and shade, the effects of light and atmosphere so much sought after by painters of today. For the first time Los Angeles sees the scenery of Southern California painted with an individuality that has not been apparent in previous exhibitions. There are few parts of the country that suffer so many atmospheric changes, and which, in consequence, have so many myriads of tones as has Southern California. These changes Mr. Mocine has depicted in the canvases now being exhibited in the small gallery in Blanchard Hall. In all, there are seventeen canvases shown, including three very interesting sketches of San Pedro. There are also six book plates which are beautiful in design. This is an art, by the way, in which Mr. Mocine excels.

the same time decidedly harmonious. They are perfect little gems in colors. Mr. Frank Coburn shows five of his small canvases, three of which we have seen before. They are all delightful in color. Mr. Coburn is a rich colorist.

On the opposite wall is an assortment so varied that he would indeed be a hard man to please who could not find something to suit him. There is a collection of Japanese prints, a few of which are extremely rare. For instance, there is a print of Haronolu's picture the "Actor on a Journey." This was struck off on very soft wood, and in consequence of which there were very few prints made. To the writer a favorite is Hiroshige's "Fish in a Bowl." This is one of the most charming and fascinatingly beautiful pieces of coloring seen in many years. Here is also an excellent example of a Utamaro "Lady and Gentleman With a Sword." This is a rare example of one of Japan's greatest figure painters. A most delicate print is that of Gazaw's "Lady and Child." All these prints are from Miss Curran's famous collection.

They who like old prints are recommended to visit the gallery and have a look at Mr. Hector Alliot's fine collection, which includes etchings after Rembrandt, and a number of engravings, several of which are steel and wood. Miss Nell Brooker shows charming colored etchings which are both



LATE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT, BY RALPH F. MOCINE

as one will see by turning to the front cover of The Graphic, which was recently designed by this artist.

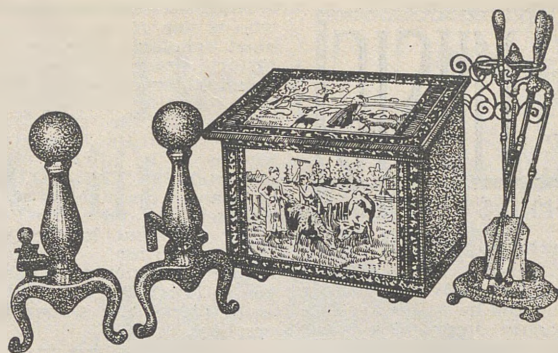
Mr. Mocine shows California painted in morning, afternoon and evening. All these are typically California. The artist's brush work is broad, nothing finicky or tricky—just ordinary, straightforward painting, with the canvases showing sincerity and spontaneity. One would, however, like to see this most interesting and rising painter just a trifle more polychromatic, at the same time wishing that a few more exhibitions like his were given.

In the large hall of the Blanchard gallery is an exhibition of varied interest. One wall is devoted to small oil paintings and a few water colors, all of which are of merit and which, so far as price goes, are within the reach of almost anyone. Now is an excellent opportunity for those desiring oil paintings, either for their own homes or as holiday souvenirs. Mr. Joseph Sub shows five small sketches which, while they may not appeal to the ordinary buying public, to anyone who has become educated to art should at once reveal their great artistic merit. Mrs. M. N. Williams shows five exquisitely painted flower pieces in water colors, besides two small oil paintings. Mr. E. A. Burbank, the well-known Indian painter, has three small still-life pictures beautifully painted. The coloring is extremely rich, and at

interesting and delightful in color. One of these, "The Mission at San Gabriel," is particularly good. It is quite the most original and beautiful picture so far seen of a mission. After the banalities that one sees of the lovely missions of California, this one is quite refreshing. Mrs. McVicker of Eagle Rock shows three exceedingly fine old prints one of Palma Vecchio's "Last Supper." Another is a fine nude by Caracci, the other of an old man by Salvator Rosa. It is seldom that one has a chance to see prints of such beauty as these. Miss Lillian Drain shows a number of monotypes. They are of much interest and several are rich in color.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition is found in the art photographs of Mr. Louis Fleckenstein. These are truly artistic photographs. Most of those advertising themselves as art photographers are usually just a trifle worse than the ordinary amateurs. In this case, however, pictures are shown that are full of art—they might be photographs of pictures. Mr. Fleckenstein, who has a studio in the Blanchard Hall, deserves to have a very successful future.

Monday night, December 13, the Arroyo Guild of the Los Angeles College of Fine Arts will offer its first lecture. George Wharton James opens the series with "California—the World's Future Art Center," January 3, Mrs. Mary C. Jennings will talk on "The



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Art of Basketry," illustrated with many baskets of her own manufacture; January 17, Ernest Branton, on "Landscape Gardening as a Fine Art," January 24, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Herbert on "Home Making a Fine Art," January 31, George Wharton James on "The Art of the Old Missions of California," February 6, "The Art of Heraldry," by Mrs. Robertson; February 13, "Music in Its Relation to the Other Arts," by Bruce Gordon Kingsley; February 20, "The Art of Japan," by Dr. James A. B. Scherer, and February 28, "Some Home Making Arts," by Mrs. Dorothy Hoagland Hayden. There will also be an exhibition of paintings and of the recent work of the Guild craftsmen, which will continue from December 13 to February 1.

Mr. E. A. Burbank shows a few of his red chalk drawings of famous Indian chiefs. These only serve to add to the reputation that the artist now enjoys. He is one of the most skillful depictees of the redman that we have. His drawing is exquisite.

It has always been a surprise that in the metropolis of the most beautiful section of the United States, and one of the most beautiful countries in the world, a city whose inhabitants are surrounded by so much natural beauty and grandeur that ocean, valley and mountain and sky of perpetual sunshine can contribute, that hardly any provision has been made for the enjoyment by its people of the beauties and sublimities of art. Here in Los Angeles are in excess of 300,000 people, whose material, to say nothing of their moral interests, are best served by creating and preserving every beautiful element in life that can attract visitors to it, a city to whose financial life the tourist is almost as important as he is to the city of Paris, yet where practically nothing has been done to encourage and gratify the love of the beautiful in art. There is not in all the bounds of the city a single object of art owned by the public which constitutes an attraction to the city or which can yield to its citizens or visitors any pleasure. And yet, judging the present and the future of Los Angeles by the past of other cities, the metropolis of Southern California should, by reason of the beauty of its natural surroundings and by the perfection of its climatic conditions, be to the art life of America what Rome, Florence, Milan and Venice have been to the art life of Italy.

This should be the manifest destiny of the city, but if this destiny is to be realized it can only be accomplished by the same influences which have developed the art life of the Italian cities. These are the use by wealthy people of their means to encourage art and artists, not only by patronizing them for their own individual pleasure, but by establishing art centers in the form of picture galleries, museums and auditoriums for the exhibition of the arts of painting, sculpture, the drama and music, where the productions of artists in these various fields can be exhibited to the public and enjoyed by them.

It is to encourage these aims and for the development of interest in art as a

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public possession, also to establish a center for the enjoyment of art in the form of permanent galleries of pictures and sculpture, as well as for exhibition purposes and for the exploitation of the arts of the drama and music, that the Fine Art League has been organized by certain of the citizens of Los Angeles and Southern California. They hope to make it an influence for creating and developing an art-loving spirit in this beautiful city, and the country of which it is a center, and for giving that spirit expression in the form of a public institution which shall be a recognized home of art, where the public may enjoy it in its various forms. The object then of this league is to found and maintain, after the highest standard and for the public good, an institution which shall be the Home of the Fine Arts. The difficulty will not lie in getting a gallery, nor in finding pictures to hang, but in building up an institution which will add something to the world's worth. Only the "best of the best" will be good enough.

From across the water the prediction has come that the next art center will be in America. There is nothing on the Pacific coast worthy of being called a fine arts gallery, save the small one at Del Monte, hence the opportunity offered to make Los Angeles the Mecca for art lovers the world over. Such good citizens as the Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Conaty of Monterey and Los Angeles, Mrs. Erskine M. Ross, Mrs. Hirsch Baruch, Mr. William Cole and Dr. West Hughes have lent their support to the movement, thus assuring stability and furtherance of the highest aims. The outlook is more promising for such a movement than ever before.

W. C. M.

The Jay and the Thrush

One summer day a little thrush
Sat singing on a hazel bush
In accents loud and clear;
But presently it ceased its lay,
And thuswise spake unto a jay.
Who sat and listened near:

"How lovely, friend, the dress you wear,
When perched on bough or in the air,
How gay your coat of blue!
While I am clad in plainest brown—
I'd give the world, were it my own,
To be arrayed like you."

"And gladly would I change my dress,"
Replied the jay, "could I possess
The gift you have for singing;
I'd sing above the cotter's shed,
Above the brook and grassy mead,
And keep the woodland ringing!"

Ere long, beside a blind man's door,
The thrush sweet music did outpour:
"Such strains I never heard,"
The blind man said. Meanwhile, the jay
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way,
Who cried, "Delightful bird!"

—HENRY REED CONANT.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

It was just thirteen years ago that the writer heard Dr. Ludwig Wuellner for the first time, and he will never forget the tremendous impression made upon him by the great Schanspieler in his delineation of "Manfred" to the music of Robert Schumann; for whatever may be said for or against his art as a singer, his marvelous powers as an interpretive reader are unquestioned. Having never heard Dr. Wuellner in the role of a concert singer, it was intensely gratifying to receive, through a different medium, the same overwhelming impression at his concert last Friday evening. True, there are many singers with more beautiful voices, but where shall we find one with such absolute power to compass the whole gamut of human emotions? Nor is the voice by any means inadequate; so much has been said of Wuellner's vocal limitations, that his voice control (in spite of evident laryngeal irritation) and even its excellent and oftentimes beautiful quality, were an agreeable surprise. One did not for an instant feel that the singer was at any time handicapped by vocal deficiencies, in the interpretation of his varied and exacting program. The rather unusual appearance of the artist, as well as certain peculiarities of manner, were at first somewhat distracting, so that many in the audience were tardy in finding themselves en rapport with the singer; but by the time he had sung the heart-breaking "Du liebst mich nicht," and had begun his tremendous, literally awful interpretation of "Der Doppelgänger," his hearers were like wax in his fingers. Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, mirth and melancholy, jealousy and anger, were brought home to every hearer with the utmost power and reality, and with each song the conviction became more firmly and unquestionably settled, that here was a man with a message, a man who fearlessly dared to express himself, regardless of conventionalities, precisely as he chose, and as his own conception of art dictated.

To review the program, song by song, would be but to reiterate the fact that Wuellner is a unique and original genius. Half actor, half singer that he is, he, actor-like, lives his lines. In "Alinde" he is the lovesick youth, in "Eifersucht und Stolz" the wretch in the toils of the "green-eyed monster." His interpretation of "Das Lied des Steinklopfers" was one of the most powerfully realistic imaginable, and if the "Churchyard" of Brahms received less applause than others, it was because of the profound, almost supernatural impression the singer left upon his hearers. Of the better-known songs, the "Erl King," the "Wanderer" and the "Two Grenadiers," some may say that they have been sung just as well by others. Possibly, but certainly differently, and not better. If there were those who failed to enjoy or appreciate Dr. Wuellner (and the great enthusiasm of the audience would argue that there were few such), it would seem that no other reason for their apathy could be given than an insufficient knowledge of the German language. An English translation is better than nothing, but the subtle art of Wuellner can only be fully appreciated by one who can, word for word, follow his lines; and how perfect is his diction, how beautiful his German! There is but one Wuellner; may we be spared from attempted imitation of his art! Too much cannot be said in praise of Herr Bos, the admirable accompanist. His masterly work throughout the program played no small part in its artistic success. He proved himself a versatile and splendidly equipped artist.

WALDO F. CHASE.

The American Music Society's first concert at Simpson Auditorium, Thursday evening of last week, was about the best concert ever given here by local artists. That a small audience heard it was due doubtless to two reasons: the numerous great-artist appearances and this city's chronic apathy toward local endeavors. The

opening numbers were by Mr. Douglass, who is one of the city's best equipped, most scholarly organist, and the prehistoric organ of Simpson Auditorium seemingly recognizing this was on its best behavior. The Lyric Club with loyal interest in the cause, provided two numbers in its best style, which is known to be always adequate to its undertakings. Miss O'Donoghue accompanied the club, as she always does, excellently, and Mr. Poulin showed keen judgment in the selections and their rendition. Edwin House is a singer who should be heard oftener by the public. His splendid vocal equipment places him among the best singers here.

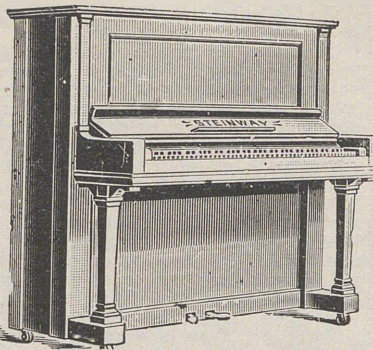
Last spring mention was made in these columns of the unusual work of a woman's quartet, composed of four solo singers, members of the Dominant Club: Mesdames Bertha Vaughn, Grace M. Stivers and Misses Beresford Joy and Katherine Ebbert. On this occasion this quartet even surpassed the work it had done in private circles. Each member is a singer of ability, known to everyone, but this fact would not make the singing of the quartet of value did not the voices blend to perfection, and each one forsake personal aggrandizement for finished ensemble. A club is the loser that does not procure this ideal organization for programs. Miss Alice Coleman, in MacDowell's Celtic sonata, to which Carreno is giving a prominent place this season, did great credit to her established reputation as a first-class pianist. Mrs. Bertha Vaughn was delightful in her group of songs, and sang with finesse. Mr. Arnold Krauss and Ludwik Opid did their usual thoroughly competent work in Arthur Foote's trio op. 5. This society, which is a branch of the national organization, will give two more concerts this season. Associate and active membership may be obtained upon application.

The first concert of the Orpheus Club's fifth season was given Monday evening, before a large audience. Upon inquiry I find the personnel of the club has been changed considerably, about nine new members singing on this program. This, of necessity, would cause poorer tone quality than is usual with this club, for in no way was this concert up to the standard of previous ones. The numbers were done from memory, as is the custom, but the intonation was faulty and for the first time, to my knowledge, the diction most indistinct. In "The Devastating Storm" one was not only in the storm but "at sea" to understand what it was all about. This fault could be found in every number, with the exception of "Annie Laurie." Buck's arrangement, which was also the best sung number of the evening, the basses especially singing with pleasing, smooth quality. The soloist, Mrs. Stanley Ross Fisher, mezzo-soprano, is the possessor of a beautiful voice of much warmth, and in the aria by Sacchini showed it to its best advantage. Chaminade's dramatic and intense "Trahison" is not suited to the singer, and seemed musically out of place with the Italian aria. The charming group of songs in English were well given, especially "Laddie" (Neidlinger), in which a brighter tone was brought into the voice. A closer attention to the attack of her tones will cause a vast improvement in her singing. The accompanist, Will Garway, gives promise of becoming a valuable accession, and with more experience should fill his place well. His work at this first appearance was too timid and reserved. His memorizing of the club's accompaniments is to be commended, and is effective. To be a soloist also on this occasion was taxing, but the MacDowell etude indicated satisfactory work in the future. Under Mr. J. P. Dupuy's careful, sensible directorship, future concerts will be looked forward to with interest, for the Orpheus Club last season did splendid work.

Mme. Schuman-Heink recently said: "Say what you will, we need a friend back in the hall to tell us when we do well or ill. I cannot judge, I know. I may be thinking I sing splendidly, just because I am doing my best. I have wept. Oh, yes, I have wept over what the critics have said—the just ones—cut to the heart! But they were always right. And let them be never so severe, so they be just, we learn."

Next Tuesday evening Madam Sembrich, who is on her farewell concert

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tour, will give the first of two recitals in Los Angeles, the second to follow Saturday afternoon. Assisting her will be Francis Rogers, the American baritone, whose article in Scribner's Magazine recently on "Singing in English" caused much comment, principally favorable, and Frank LaForge, who has been here several seasons with Gadsby. The program for Tuesday evening is:

Fantaisie Impromptu (Chopin). Mr. Frank La Forge; Aria from Ernani, "Ernani involami" (Verdi). Mme. Sembrich; Eri tu (The Mask Ball). (Verdi). Mr. Francis Rogers; Forelle (Schubert). Nussbaum (Schumann). Fruhlingsnacht (Schumann). "The Lass With the Delicate Air" (Dr. Arne). Mme. Sembrich. Duets: Der Liebe Holdesgluck (Maggie Flute). (Mozart). La ri daren in Mano (Don Giovanni). (Mozart). Mme. Sembrich and Mr. Rogers; Nocturne. F sharp major (Chopin). Study in Octaves. F sharp major (Chopin). Pastorale (Bizet). "Love Has Wings" (J. H. Rogers). To a Messenger (La Forge). There Sits a Bird (A. Foote). Mme. Sembrich; Du bist wie Eine Blume (Rubinstein). Clown's Serenade (Isidora Luckstone). Border Ballad (Coven). Mr. Francis Rogers; Valse. "Voce de Primavera" (J. Strauss). Mme. Sembrich.

Miss Alice Coleman will give her second recital at Throop Institute, Pasadena, Monday evening, and Chopin and Liszt are the composers to be represented by:

Ballade in A flat, Op. 46; Etude in C sharp minor, A flat major, G flat major; Nocturne in D flat major and in G major; Polonaise Op. 26, No. 1; Berceuse in D flat major; Waltz in A flat major; and Liszt's "The Nightingale" (air by Alabiet). Du dist die Ruh (air by Schubert). "By the Brookside," Polonaise in E major.

Mr. Georg Kruger will give a piano recital for the members of the Friday Morning Club next Friday morning.

In the new symphony by August Bungert, several of whose songs have been on programs here, the automobile horn again is used as an orchestral instrument. The composition is called "Zeppelin's First Voyage." It is to be hoped that the horn used is more musical than that of a prominent local piano dealer. In the symphony in question is described the preparations for the first flight, the flight, and the applause of the crowds.

Full-page advertisements of Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, in recent musical papers, shows he is to visit America in the near future. He is a player worth bringing over.

A symphony by Arthur Hinton, the English composer, known also as the husband of Katherine Goodson, the pianist, was performed by the Minneapolis Orchestra, December 10.

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Fritzi Scheff, just a trifle soberer than of yore, but with the old piquant ways, the same pure trill in her bird-like voice and just as dainty as ever, is the lodestone at the Mason this week in "The Prima Donna," announced as an American-made comic opera in two acts by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. At the music, particularly the ensembles, no one need carp, but the lines lack the sparkle that were found in "Mlle. Modiste," the Scheff offering of a previous visit. Aside from the splendid male chorus, the only notable singing outside of the star is done by Vernon Davidson, who as Lieutenant Armand, in love with Mlle. Athenee,

adjusted. She finds a young singer in despair, because of a hard cold; on a sudden whim offers to take her place and is given a lyric, composed by her lover, the lieutenant, to sing. Needless to say, she makes a great hit with the soldiery and the cocottes at the evening performance. Her father is in debt to her lover's ranking officer, who is slapped in the face by the lieutenant when the captain is caught insulting the fair Mlle. Athenee. Follows Armand's arrest, and another act in which the prima donna succeeds in winning over the old marquise, Armand's aunt, to the match and restoring Armand to his command, in the way stage heroines always do where the military are concerned.

Good work has been done with the drilling of the chorus. The ensembles go with a dash and a vim and the incidental business, particularly with the audience at the cafe chantant, is decidedly amusing and natural. In this scene and at other times both Donald Hall and Martin Haydon add greatly



MME. SEMBRICH, WHO SINGS IN RECITAL NEXT WEEK

Of Madame Sembrich in her home life but little is known to the general public, for the reason that it is quiet and domestic. With her husband, Professor Stengle—who, by the way, was her early teacher—she has occupied the same suite in a New York hotel for many years. Referring to her retirement from opera, Madame Sembrich said, "I wish to make my adieux while the sun is still high in heavens, that is all. For me there shall be no pity." More than one critic, in commenting regretfully on Madame Sembrich's contemplated retirement from professional life, has declared that the art of pure singing is dying out, that with the departure of the little prima donna there will be left no great exponent of the "bel canto" school. Madame Sembrich herself, in speaking of the changes that have come about in singing methods, has said: "The modern operas aim first of all to be sensational, while the modern composers bother little about the voice. They rely upon dramatic situ-

ations, upon artistic personalities, upon crashing orchestral effects. Singing, pure and simple, is losing vogue, and a pity it is. When I was a girl, while we were taught to act, while personality was always a valuable asset, the great art we were forced to cultivate was singing, singing, first, last and all the time. There were great singers about us. There were glorious traditions behind us. There were teachers who knew what was necessary to insure good singing. Where shall the coming generation of singers find its inspiration? Your young American girls have beautiful voices—none better anywhere. They are full of talent and aspiration. They could be trained to follow successfully in the footsteps of the greatest singer. It is given to few to sing properly without study and training. To most of us it is an art that can be acquired only through hard work. But at present unless there be a reaction, where shall properly trained singers find their place?"

the prima donna, both in dramatic and vocal work is entertaining. Mr. Davidson's voice is not large of compass, but it is well-handled and of pleasing quality. Next to the volatile Fritzi, however, honors go to John E. Hazzard, who as Herr Max Gundelfinger, furnishes the major part of the comedy. Mr. Hazzard is genuinely, spontaneously funny, whose style of humor must be seen to be appreciated. He is given the entire stage on several occasions, and he does not wear out his welcome.

All there is to the plot could be wrapped up in the prima donna's silly little mouchoir. A provincial music hall, adjoining a French army post, is in charge of Herr Max, better known as "Pop." He is rehearsing his artists when Mlle. Athenee, on her way to Paris, halts at the cafe chantant while a collapsed tire on her machine is being

to the fun, as Lieutenants Fernand Drouillard and Gaston de Randal, by their clever work. The Captain Bordeneave of William K. Harcourt is a good piece of work, and in the encounter with Mlle. Athenee the libidinous officer develops considerable temperament. Armand Cortes is a droll waiter and the dancing of La Noveta is marked by grace and skill. Well mounted and with the musical direction in the competent hands of John Lund a delightful production is the result. S. T. C.

"Love Tales" at the Grand

In repeating his artistic success of last season in the "Love Tales of Hoffman," which is delightfully given at the Grand this week, Ferris Hartman is adding to the obligations due from the music-loving public to this capable

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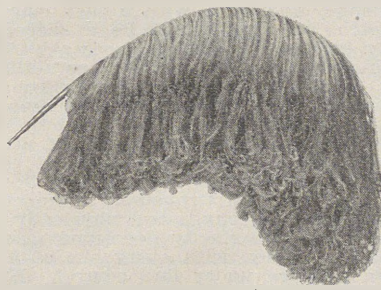
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producer. In place of Christina Nielsen's beautiful voice to essay the scores of Olympia, Julietta and Antonia, Josephine Islieb's pure, if less rich soprano, is heard to good advantage, but Miss Islieb lacks the temperamental qualities that made Miss Nielsen's work so attractive in these several roles of the Poet Hoffman's loves. Oscar Walch gives a duplicate of his former excellent rendition of the poet and does full justice to the Offenbachian music. Spelling Mr. Hartman as Coppellius, a

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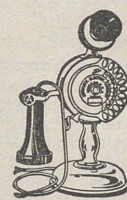
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dealer in magic articles in "The Love of Olympia," is Walter Catlett, whose clever character work in this role and as Schlimihl in "The Love of Giulietta" amply confirms a prediction heretofore made as to this actor's high-grade mimetic powers and promising future. Elvia Rand is a most satisfactory Niclausse, and Walter De Leon is irresistibly funny as Cochenille and Franz. Joseph Fogarty is a graphic Dr. Miracle, whose make-up should not halt at his chin, leaving his bare neck untouched by the brush. Mr. Raynes conducts the augmented orchestra with great skill, bringing out, especially, all the beauties of the famous barcarolle. The scenic effects, particularly that showing the Grand Canal at Venice, by night, is an admirable example of stage craft. S. T. C.

"Monte Cristo" at the Belasco

"Monte Cristo," with its old-fashioned construction, its many scenes, its perorations and lengthy asides, its stilted language and melodramatic situations occupies the stage of the Belasco this week. It may be condemned as a relic, and rather a battered one, but, nevertheless, it possesses a romantic charm that appeals to the public. As it is given by the Belasco company it deserves to rank as a classic. Lewis S. Stone has a new and exceedingly well-drawn portrait to add to his already large gallery of notable delineations, for never has he done better work than in his triple role in "Monte Cristo." An abandon never before noticeable in his work marks Stone's creation of Edmond Dantes, the merry, care-free sailor lad of the first scenes. In startling contrast is the somber strength of his Abbe Busoni and his Monte Cristo. His conception is masterly, his deportment stately, his command of the situations intense without an uncomfortable display of emotion. He reads his lines with acute perception of their dramatic value and almost succeeds in making the play lose its flavor of melodrama. Another excellent impersonation is that of Frank Camp, who enacts his role of Nortier, the conspirator, and its several phases of character, with a discernment intelligent and convincing. Richard Vivian seems to have taken a fresh hold on himself of late, for his depictions are steadily gaining in strength. As Ferdinand he is gloomily impressive, both as the gypsy-hearted Catalan and as the count. Minor roles are well taken by Charles Ruggles, who strikes the right note of youthfulness as Albert; Harry Andrews, surprisingly good as the faithful Caderousse, and William Yerance as the scoundrelly Danglars. Adele Farrington has the only woman's part really worth while, and she makes the most of it, demonstrating her unusual ability and versatility in the repellent role of Carconte, her work in the third act being uncannily weird to the point of fascination. In her small role of Mercedes, Thais Magrane is appealingly sweet and dextrous, although she makes a grievous error by appearing in the last act in as youthful a guise as in the first. A touch of grey to her hair, a few delicate lines about her eyes and she would not appear so great an antithesis to the white-haired count. The first-night performance was remarkably free from error, only a few mistakes marring the lengthy performance.

"St. Elmo" at the Burbank

With parts well sustained throughout and with all the interest of the famous novel on which the play is found, "St. Elmo" at the Burbank Theater this week is an attraction well worth seeing. There are few who have not read Augusta J. Evans' story of "St. Elmo" and who are not familiar with the plot of the play, so an outline of the four-act drama is unnecessary. With scarcely an exception, the roles are well taken. Byron Beasley as St. Elmo does an especially praiseworthy bit of work, appearing to much greater advantage in the character lead than he does in his assignments of lighter demand. The Edna Earl of Blanche Hall is endowed with an attractive charm which helps the audience to see why the young maid is able to win the love of the errant hero. Lovell Alice Taylor gives a meritorious portrayal of Agnes Powell, the "villainess" of the play, and in the semi-heavy role displays her increasing versatility. John W. Burton presents one of his excellent delineations of a clergyman, in the part of Rev. John Hammond. David Landau does an admirable bit of character work as Aaron Hunt, the blacksmith,

in the first act. Others in the cast give adequate performances. It is hoped by this time that the lettering on the tall monument erected to the memory of the blacksmith is corrected from "Arron" to Aaron. Otherwise the setting of the play is remarkably good and in keeping with the period of the play.

"The Bachelor" at the Auditorium

Delightfully clever, clean and wholesome is Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Bachelor," which Charles Cherry and a capable cast are producing at the Auditorium this week. There isn't a hint of problem about it, the plot is flimsy to a degree, but it sparkles with bright lines and is capitally acted. Charles Cherry is a pure delight as the bachelor who falls in love with his stenographer without being aware of the fact. He has an admirable stage presence, a pleasing personality and an enunciation that leaves nothing to be desired. Ruth Maycliffe, as prettily piquant a stenographer as the heart of man could desire, plays opposite Mr. Cherry in a delicious, roguish way that makes her serious moment a delight by their contrast. Excellently cast, too, is Ralph Morgan, who enacts the intruding youngster in a true-to-type manner, the verity of which any girl blessed with such a brother could testify. Lillian Paige is rather explosive as Mrs. Rendell, failing to suggest the atmosphere of refinement which the playwright must have intended. Other parts are well taken by Percival Stevens, Charles Laite and Hilda Flint, who is an excellent caricature of a Swedish maidservant.

Attractive Bill at Orpheum

This week's bill at the Orpheum is given added strength by at least three new turns, which vie for first place. "Our Boys in Blue" in the spectacular maneuvers of militant training present an act that is an artistic treat. Seventeen young soldiers, with a girl as nurse, make up the act, and after going through their evolutions and displaying an expert manipulation of rifles and galling guns they depict a realistic battle scene. For real, true comedy there is the act, "A Stormy Hour," by Lester Lonergan, presented by Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson. Miss McConnell, who has a voice in the Eddie Foy class, is a natural comedienne, and even with a less clever sketch, her turn would be a success. Her imitation of Eddie Foy is a bit of fun-making which exhibits her ability as a mimic. Mr. Simpson makes a good foil for Miss McConnell's playing. Bobby Pandor, who with his brother presents an interesting series of athletic feats and poses, gives about the best strong man act that has ever been seen at the local Orpheum. A modern Hercules in strength and physically a specimen of perfectly developed manhood is Bobby, with every one of his iron muscles under fine control. His brother closely rivals him. Last and least of the new acts is the Tempest and Sunshine Trio. They present a singing and dancing turn which might be better if it were not so obviously artificial. Holdovers are Miss Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell & Co., the Bootblack Quartet, the Three Bounding Gordons and Misses Nell Lockwood and Hazel Bryson.

Offerings for Next Week

Beginning Monday night and with the usual Saturday matinee, the Mason Opera House will offer the "Three Twins," said to be one of the smartest musical comedies that have been produced for several years. The book is by Charles Dickson, lyrics by C. A. Hauerbach, while Karl Hoschna is responsible for the music. The "Three Twins" is one of the largest musical companies on the road, requiring two baggage cars and three coaches for the transportation of the company. One of the novelties is an electrical aerial swing, which demands three machinists properly to operate it. There are a great many song hits, including, "The Yama Yama Man," "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "Boo Hoo. Tee Hee," "Good Night," "They Are All My Girls" and "The Girl Up There." The company is headed by Victor Morley. Others in the cast are Bessie Clifflors, W. H. Woodside, Florence Kolb, E. P. Bower, Harry Hanlon, Minnie Allen, Ada Bate-man and a number of others.

Cosmo Hamilton's new play, "The Master Key," which will be presented next week at the Belasco Theater by Lewis S. Stone and associates, depicts a mighty struggle between capital and



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labor, but in the end, "the master key," by which term the author designates his love interest, dominates all else and the curtain descends on a happy pair of young lovers. Mr. Hamilton's play was produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, by William A. Brady, five months ago, and was received with much critical praise. Its production Monday night at the Belasco will be the first presentation of the piece on any western stage. Lewis S. Stone will have the part of a young foundry owner, who disguises himself as a clerk in his own force and goes among his men to investigate conditions. Thais Magrane will play the young schoolteacher with whom the foundry owner falls in love, and Frank Camp, William Yerance, Richard Vivian, Charles Ruggles, James K. Applebee, Charles Giblyn, Grace Gardner, Beth Taylor and other Belasco players will have good assignments.

Rex Beach's dramatization of his own novel, "The Spoilers," will be the attraction at the Majestic Theater next week. It is generally regarded as the best of all Alaskan plays, which, perhaps, is natural, as Mr. Beach lived in Alaska during the time of which he has written, and was personally cognizant of the incidents which he first wove into a novel and later into a play. The drama is in five acts, the scenes showing the deck of a steamer en route to Nome, a lawyer's office in that far-off town, a dance hall, a road house and the Midas mine. To enhance the "local color" of the production, the company carries a pack of Eskimo dogs, the same breed used by Dr. Cook and Commander Peary on their recent trips to the pole. These dogs are cared for by Eli A. Smith, formerly an Alaskan mail driver, and the man who drove his dog team from Nome to Washington, where he delivered a letter to President Roosevelt.

To accommodate the many theatergoers who have been unable to secure seats at the Burbank this week, Manager Oliver Morosco announces that "St. Elmo" will continue to occupy the stage of that house for another and final week, beginning Sunday afternoon and including the usual Saturday matinee. The play will be withdrawn following the Saturday night performance to make way for Sardou's "Divorcons," in which Miss Blanche Hall will bid farewell to Burbank audiences in the role of Cyprienne, first played in this country by Grace George, and in which Miss Ethel von Waldron, new ingenue of the Burbank company, will make her local debut. This week "St. Elmo" has duplicated at the Burbank the popularity it achieved earlier in the east. The theater has been filled nightly, even the rain having had no appreciable effect upon attendance.

Clyde Fitch's charming comedy, "The Bachelor," has proved so pronounced a success at the Auditorium that the management has decided to continue it for another week. Charles Cherry, the new Shubert star, has won popularity for himself in the leading role, and Ruth Maycliffe is no less charming as the pretty stenographer. After the close of this week's engagement the company will return to New York to renew its successful run of last season.

"The Belle of New York," one of the most popular musical comedies ever written, will next week serve as the vehicle for the Ferris Hartman Opera Company, beginning with the regular matinee Sunday. This is the piece in which Edna May won much of her fame, and also served as a successful starring play for Dan Dailey. Joseph Fogarty will be seen in Dailey's original role of Ichabod Bronson, while Walter de Leon will play the son, Harry Bronson. Oscar Walch will essay the role of Blinky Bill, a mixed-ale pugilist, and the Portuguese twins, Count Ratsi Rattatoo and Count Patsi Rattatoo, will be taken by William Harold and Chester Chase. Earl Von Pumpnick will afford excellent opportunity for Walter Catlett, and Josephine Isieb will take the role of the actress who becomes a Salvation Army lassie. The production also will serve to introduce three new members of the Ferris Hartman company, Carmen Phillips, Marta Golden and Myrtle Dingwall. Following "The Belle of New York," the Ferris Hartman company will be seen in a big revival of "The Toy Maker."

Admirers of Dickens' characters will find pleasure in the headline attraction at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, December 13, when

Edwin Stevens, the foremost delineator of Dickens' creations, aided by Miss Tina Marshall, will offer a series of Dickens' character presentations. Mr. Stevens has devoted many years in bringing this act to perfection, and his portraits of Uriah Heep, Grandfather Smallweed, Dick Swiveller, Bill Sykes, etc., are taken from Cruikshank's quaint drawings. The DeHaven Sextet, with Sidney C. Gibson, is well known here, and brings back new songs and costumes, together with several changes in its personnel. Howard's Musical Shetlands and Comedy Canines—an act for youngsters of all ages—and Milt Wood, "the dancer with the chair," complete the new acts. "Our Boys in Blue," McConnell & Simpson, Bobby Pandor and his brother, and the Tempest and Sunshine Trio remain for another week.

Dramatic students of the Dobinson School of Expression will present the four-act play, "Esmeralda," at the Dobinson Auditorium, 1044 South Hope street, next Wednesday, December 15.

Asides

David Warfield, who opens a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House the week of December 20, is so normal in private life that his fellow actors regard him as eccentric. But he has one foible which must be considered at every theater in which he appears—he demands absolute quiet on the stage during his scenes. For a stage hand to move anything while Warfield is acting is high treason, and to drop the smallest thing is a positive crime. The most insignificant noise will distract him, make him self-conscious, and, in his own eyes at least, injure his acting. Recently, while Warfield was acting his tenderest scene in "The Music Master," an employe fell with a ladder, making a terrific crash. Everyone back on the stage held his breath, as he thought of the wrath of the star. After the scene Mr. Warfield went to his dressing room, and William Boag, his stage manager, followed for a scolding, as he is responsible for everything, from the intrusion of the theater cat to the hoarseness of the leading woman. In a few minutes Boag returned from the star's dressing room, a broad smile on his face. "Gee, what did he say?" breathed the property man. Mr. Boag's smile developed into a grin. "Nothing much—he thought it was a thunder storm."

Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews, author of "Kate Shannon" and "Through a Window," arrived from New York in the wee sma' hours Monday morning, and is eagerly preparing for rehearsals of the latter play, which the Belasco company will present the last week of December. After the production here, Klaw & Erlanger will exploit the drama in New York.

Clever little Beatrice Noyes, who left a pleasant impression of her winsome personality, and who proved her ambition by her hard work while a member of the Belasco company, is playing the ingenue lead in a "Number One" traveling company which is playing Clyde Fitch's "The Blue Mouse." She opened Monday night in West Virginia.

After the close of her present engagement at the Burbank, Blanche Hall plans to remain a month in Los Angeles, getting her affairs into order, after which she will go to San Antonio, Texas, to visit her sister.

Science Lecture by Noted Author
Mr. William D. McCrackan, M.A., C.S.B., will lecture on Christian Science at Shrine Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, December 12, at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of the Third Church of Christ, Scientist. Mr. McCrackan is well known as a scholar and historian, and his book, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," has made him familiar to students of history. He received his early training at St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., and graduated from Trinity University, Hartford, Conn. He is a member of the Authors' Club of New York, and is well known in literary circles. This lecture will be an excellent opportunity to learn something about Christian Science from an authentic source.

Mr. Merritt W. Gano, a capitalist of Denver, Colo., and Mrs. Gano came to the Pacific coast for the purpose of consulting Mr. Walter Hoff Seely, agent for William Morris, the New York vaudeville impresario, in the interests of the new theater he is building for Mr. Morris in Denver. They were guests at Hotel Del Monte recently.

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By Ruth Burke

Members of exclusive society circles were interested this week in the announcement of Miss Grace Rowley's engagement to Mr. Thomas Ridgeway, a well-known attorney of this city. The formal announcement was made Thursday afternoon at a luncheon of twenty covers given by Miss Ethel Parker Shaw of 2700 Severance street. The table decorations were in pink and green, and a centerpiece was formed of vases filled with Cecil Bruner roses and maidenhair ferns, and linked together with slender chains. At the close of the collation there were distributed among the guests, cards on which appeared tiny photographs of the betrothed couple. These cards were inclosed in envelopes stamped with a large interrogation mark in gold. Guests invited for the afternoon were Meses. Will S. Hook, Jr., Frank Gillelen, Edward Bosbyshell, Earle C. Anthony, Benjamin Harwood; Meses Evelyn Rowley, Annis Van Nuys, Mary Clark, Katherine Clark, Olive Harpham, Mary Lindley, Mary Burnham, Gladys Williams, Leola Allen, Florence Silent and Dix Drummond of East Orange, N. J. Miss Rowley, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley of 2621 Menlo avenue, is a favorite in the younger society circles. She is a graduate of Marlborough school, and for a time was a student in the Mount Vernon Seminary at Washington, D. C. Date for the wedding has not been chosen, but it probably will be celebrated in the spring.

Members of the Assistance League, together with the members of the building committee of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home, are working with indefatigable energy to perfect preliminary arrangements for the Kirmess, which is to be given here the first week in February, under their combined auspices. Until the arrival from the east of Miss Stewart, who will direct the rehearsals, no definite plans, beyond a general formation, will be undertaken. The entertainment will be more elaborate in detail than any previous event of its kind ever given here, and the society folk who are interested in the affair are making every effort to insure its success.

In compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Davis, the latter formerly Miss Gertrude Churchill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Churchill of South Figueroa street, who have just returned from their wedding trip, Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of 2414 South Grand avenue will entertain this evening with a dinner party of twelve covers. The appointments will be appropriate to the Christmas season, the color scheme of red and green prevailing throughout. The table will be arranged with crystal vases filled with holly and linked with crystal chains. Place cards are to be red, heart-shaped affairs, ornamented with cupids. Covers will be laid for Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Davis, Mr. and Mrs. David McCartney, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Edwards, Miss Juana Creighton, Miss Mary Lindley, Mr. Kegley, Mr. Philo Lindley, Mr. James McLafferty and the hostess.

After an absence of five months in the east and north, Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street, will return to her home today. In the early summer Miss Walsh accompanied her mother east to New York and other of the larger cities, and after three months' travel there returned to the Pacific coast via the north, where she visited in Piedmont and San Francisco with relatives. In her absence Miss Walsh was delightfully entertained, the affairs, however, being informal, as she has not yet made her debut. Mrs. Walsh, who included a visit to the south in her itinerary, preceded her daughter home by about a month.

Mrs. Charles S. Bradford and Miss Bradford of this city, who are visiting friends in San Diego, were dinner guests at Hotel del Coronado Thursday. Wednesday, Mr. T. C. Hammand of San Diego and Mr. Lester G. Bradley of Los Angeles gave a dinner party

in honor of Miss Bradford and Miss Pollard. The party motored over to the hotel and passed the day there.

Al Malaikah Temple will hold ceremonial session at Hotel del Coronado, Saturday and Sunday. The members will go down on a special train today and march to the ferry and from there to the hotel. About 450 Shriners are expected to make the trip.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Felix Howes, Mrs. Lyman Farwell and Miss Howes for a musical to be given at the Ebell Club next Tuesday afternoon. The affair promises to be one of the most delightful of the season's society events.

Mrs. J. F. Greenough, a prominent social leader of Hollywood, is passing the winter at Hotel Virginia.

Mr. A. C. Hoff, a prominent official of the Trustee Company of Riverside, has returned to Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, after an extended trip throughout the east.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. W. W. Stilson of 1048 Kensington road for a dinner party to be given next Saturday evening. The affair, which will be one of the most delightful of the week's program of society events, will be in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Wellcome of London, England.

Hotel Virginia is fast becoming the social rendezvous for the elite of Salt Lake City, who pass their winters in California. Among those now registered from the Utah capital are Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Earls, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Reid and Mrs. O. S. Gaylord.

Among the elaborate social functions planned for this month will be the large reception which Mrs. Edwin J. Brent of 17-18 Berkeley square will give Friday, December 17, in celebration of the second anniversary of the opening of her beautiful home. Invitations to about 150 friends have been issued.

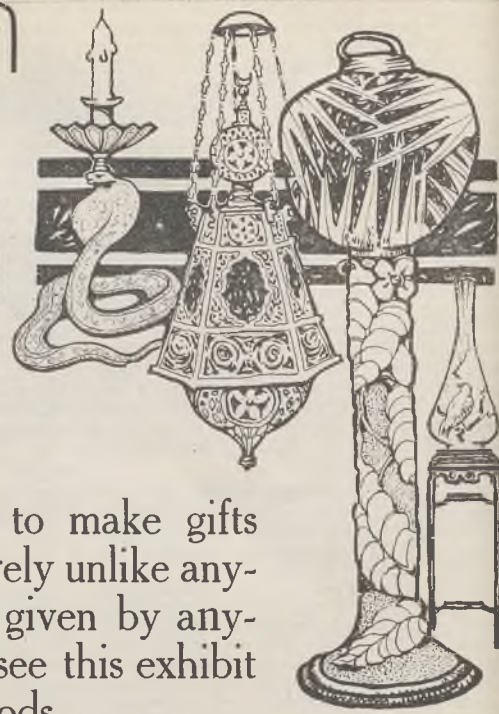
Two of the most brilliant of the week's society affairs were the handsomely appointed bridge luncheons which Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley and her daughter, Miss Grace Rowley, of 2621 Menlo avenue, gave at their home Wednesday and Friday afternoons. They will entertain again next Wednesday and Friday afternoons, concluding the series of four affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. B. Vandervoort of 418 West Thirty-third street have returned from an eastern trip. Mrs. Vandervoort, who left two months ago, visited in Marshalltown and Grinnell, Iowa, with relatives, and was joined a month ago in Kansas City by Mr. Vandervoort. Together, they visited in Muskogee, Okla., with Mrs. Vandervoort's brother, Mr. A. W. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Reavis entertained last Saturday evening with a handsomely appointed dinner party at their home, "The Pines," in South Pasadena, the affair being in honor of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Reavis. The dining room was most artistically decorated with aeroplanes, smilax and poinsettias, and while the guests dined a miniature Wright aeroplane skimmed the air above their heads. An elaborate menu of twelve courses was served. Mr. and Mrs. Reavis' guests on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lee Grover, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McGinnis, Mr. and Mrs. Rector, Miss Jessie M. Flint, Mr. Kenneth R. Smoot and Miss Emma Smoot, all of Los Angeles. In the sweetstakes, which followed the conclusion of the dinner, twelve aeroplanes, suspended from the ceiling of the hall and parlor were raced by the various guests, who started the airships in motion by the winding of a key attached to the machines. The first four running the longest time received the four large aeroplanes used in the decoration of the dining room. Upon the inspiration of the moment, the "Women's Aviation Club of Los Angeles" was organized with the following as temporary officers: Mrs. John D. Reavis, president; Mrs. Dick Ferris, first vice-president; Mrs. George Rector, second vice-president; Mrs. Sidney L. Grover, third vice-president; Miss Jessie M. Flint, secretary, and Mrs. G. H. McGinnis.

Mrs. Edward C. Bellows of Gramercy place was hostess yesterday at a luncheon given for the executive committee of the Ebell. Her guests included Meses. Willits J. Hole, George W. Bayly, George Kress, A. C. Smither,

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Augustine Hine, J. B. Millard, Edward C. Dieter, William L. Jones, William H. Jamison and Lewis Clark Carlisle. Wednesday of next week Mrs. Bellows will be hostess at a second luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Shackford arrived at Hotel del Coronado Wednesday. Mr. Shackford is a resident of Coronado and Mrs. Shackford was Miss Olive Schley of New York City, who has made her home at Hotel del Coronado during the winter months.

Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand of Wilshire boulevard entertained a number of friends at afternoon tea recently at Hotel Alexandria. Violets and white roses were used in effecting a pretty table decoration.

Among the affairs of next week will be a junior musical program which will be given at the Woman's club house Tuesday afternoon by Miss Coralinn Bates and Miss Mercedes Ciesielska. The two young women will be assisted by Mr. James Rice, violinist. Two hundred invitations have been issued for the afternoon, and guests will be received at 3 o'clock. Miss Margaret Goetz, instructor of the talented young women, will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. James Rice of Tustin. Mrs. Rice, who is the aunt of Miss Bates, is a pioneer singer of Southern California, having been prominent in the local musical world for thirty years. Both Miss Bates and Miss Ciesielska are talented vocalists, and have been under the instruction of Miss Goetz for two years, having been sent to her by the late Madame Modjeska. Miss Bates, who is from Ventura, possesses a lyric soprano voice, and Miss Ciesielska, whose home is in Santa Ana, has a fine mezzo-soprano voice.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Truman are among the guests at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel.

Social life at Hotel del Coronado has been increased by the arrival of the navy officers from Magdalena Bay. Seven of the warships arrived in that port recently and will make an extended stay in port. Mrs. N. E. Cassidy, wife of Commander Cassidy of the Paul Jones, arrived at the hotel Thursday of last week to meet her husband, and will remain there while

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the ships are in the harbor. Mrs. Uriel Seabee, wife of Admiral Seabee, commander of the Pacific squadron, has returned to Hotel del Coronado for the winter.

Miss Rena Severance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Severance of Sixth and Adams street, Glendale, entertained recently with an informal evening affair in compliment to her house guest, Miss Margaret Widener of this city. The living room was prettily decorated for the occasion with chrysanthemums. A feature of the evening was several musical selections rendered by Mrs. Charles Edward Bailey and her brother, Mr. Kenneth Barager.

Many large and delightful functions are planned for the holiday week and among the most attractive of them will be the large evening affair which Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story and Mr. and Mrs. John Raymond Powers will give at the Ebell Club, Tuesday evening, December 28.

As a surprise to many of their friends will be news of the approaching wedding of Mrs. Orion Allen Stack of St. Louis to Mr. Roy E. Burbank of this city. The ceremony will take place at the Jefferson Hotel, St. Louis, Wednesday, December 15, and after February 1, Mr. and Mrs. Burbank will be at hotel to their friends at the Alexandria Hotel, this city. Mrs. Stack, who formerly was the wife of a well-known lumber merchant of Spokane, lived here a number of months, and has many friends who will welcome her return as the bride of Mr. Burbank, who is one of the successful young business men of Los Angeles.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of Lake street was hostess Saturday last at a luncheon of ten covers given in compliment to Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, who has recently returned to her home in Chester place after an extended eastern trip. Guests included Mmes. Wilson, Hugh Harrison, Mathew S. Robertson, Carl Kurtz, John E. Stearns, C. Q. Stanton, Charles McFarland and Stanton. Later in the afternoon, Mrs. Hollingsworth gave a children's party in celebration of the third birthday of her son, Master William Irving Hollingsworth, Jr. Guests were Julia Hyward, Martha Marsh, John Powers, John Meredith Hyatt and Jack Whitmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pelancona of this city are enjoying an outing at Coronado. They Pelanconas are one of the oldest Spanish families of California. Their ranch is near Anaheim.

Mrs. G. Hyer, Miss Hyer, Mrs. G. Russ and Miss David are guests at Hotel del Coronado for a month.

Mrs. Oscar Tippet of 943 South Hoover street entertained Tuesday afternoon with a party for her young son, whose seventh birthday the day commemorated.

Afternoon teas at Hotel Alexandria are becoming more and more popular with the society folk. Among the hostesses of last Saturday were Mrs. Walter Raymond of Pasadena; Mrs. R. A. Rowan, who entertained ten guests, and Mrs. Eshman, who also had ten guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Day of Sacramento, who played in the big golf tournament at Del Monte in September, have entered for the competition arranged to be held the last day of the old year and the first day of the new. There will be handicap match play contests for the Del Monte cup for men and for a similar trophy for women.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cotton are rejoicing with them over the arrival last Saturday of a little daughter. Mrs. Cotton was formerly Miss Edna Peyton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton of 857 Westlake avenue, and her wedding last year was one of the most brilliant events of that season.

Mrs. John W. Tomblin of 720 West Twenty-eighth street was hostess Wednesday at one of the most delightful of the week's social affairs. A large number of friends were her guests that afternoon at a musical. The decorations were artistic and quantities of fragrant blossoms and greenery were used in the arrangement. In the receiving line with the hostess were Mrs. Wayne E. Bechtelheimer and Mrs. George T. Brown. Mrs. Daniel Stone presided at the coffee table, and the other unbonneted women included Mmes. Thomas

Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

Digestion begins in the mouth. Man really has three stomachs, the mouth, the stomach proper and the small intestines. The starches undergo their first chemical change in the mouth, therefore he that does not thoroughly masticate his food is laying the foundation for chronic disease. Chew your food, the teeth for this purpose are in the mouth, not in the stomach.

Heart Trouble.

The heart is composed of muscular tissue, and like all other tissues receives its functioning power through nerves. Sever a nerve to the muscle of the arm, and it will become paralyzed—i.e., die—sever the nerves that control the heart, and it immediately ceases all action.

Millions of minute nerve filaments supply life and functioning power to the heart. When a number of these filaments are interfered with, a weakness of the heart action ensues. If the irritation upon the nerves of the heart is spasmodic, the result is a palpitation or the occasional skipping of the heart beat.

The cerebro spinal nerves specifically control the action of the heart, and if these nerves are in the condition nature demands, it is an absolute impossibility for the heart to function abnormally. No difficulty of the heart can occur unless first the nerve impulse supplying life to it is impeded.

Heart weakness or heart trouble of any description, whether it be the so-called organic or nervous, can be specifically rectified through the application of a common sense, natural method. Drugs only serve temporarily to stimulate. It is possible to apply the whip, and spur the heart even to a greater effort after the point of exhaustion has been reached, but the overworked organ soon fails to respond.

The heart is a powerful organ, but within itself it has no power. All life is received from the emanating source, the brain, and is transmitted to the heart through life-giving nerve channels. Therefore, secure a normal nervous system and your heart will necessarily function normally.

R. Lee, Minnie Doehner, A. Garfield Drake, David S. Barmore, Edward J. Price, George W. Bayly, Hiram F. Norcross and E. W. Britt. Mr. Roland Paul was in charge of the program.

Captain Cyrus Dolphus, U.S.A., and Mrs. Dolphus of the Presidio of Monterey, are taking lessons at present from L. F. Berrien, the new golf instructor on the Del Monte links.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham of 1145 West Seventh street left Wednesday evening for San Francisco, where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Jr.

Mrs. Thomas Pollock of Franklin street and Emmet terrace, Hollywood, entertained Wednesday at luncheon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara. Decorations for the affair were in yellow chrysanthemums. Five hundred was played later in the afternoon.

Misses Suzanne Lynch and Anna McDermott, cousin and niece of Bishop Conaty, have returned from a prolonged trip abroad.

One of the large and delightful events planned for Christmas week will be the dancing party which Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan of 733 Garland avenue will give Christmas eve.

Mrs. C. H. Hopkins of Santa Barbara, accompanied by Miss Bispham of Washington, D. C., reached Del Monte, Thursday afternoon of last week, for a short stay.

Mr. C. M. Fickert, the newly elected district attorney of San Francisco, with Mrs. Kelley and Mr. L. E. N. Pioda arrived at Del Monte, December 3.

Mrs. Stephen Ralli of Hoe, Sussex, England, and Dr. Gillatt of London, England, motored to the Seventeen Mile Drive several times last week, traversing the new roads and lunching at Pebble Beach Lodge. Mrs. Ralli, who has been an extensive traveler is enthusiastic in praise of Pebble Beach and the surrounding country, proclaiming it one of the most beautiful spots she has ever seen.

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Robes de Nuit and Lingerie, of cloud-like fabrics, delicately hand-embroidered.

Linen Cloths and Centerpieces, Doilies, Spreads, bewilderingly elaborate.

Dainty Handkerchiefs that remind one much of films of mist, with Jack Frost traceries for borders.

Marvelous Handbags, of softest leather, of gold, or flashing with a myriad sequins.

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Creations---Originals---A Revelation.

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NO. 14,842--ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, in the matter of the Estate of John Cowan, deceased. It is ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 31st day of December, 1909, at 10:00 o'clock a.m., of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, Department 2 thereof, in the Court House, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator of said estate to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Graphic, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

JAMES C. RIVES,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated, December 1, 1909.

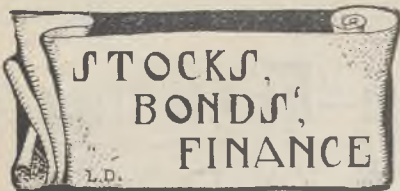
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With a sensational break of four points in Associated Oil, the week has been spectacular, to say the least, in Los Angeles stock exchange trading since the last report. Barring this realizing movement there has been no special feature in the market since the last report. Associated reached the top in its recent bull campaign here and in San Francisco, with Monday's close, at which time the stock was in demand around 45 in both cities. Apparently, believing that was the top for the shares at this time, the next day there set in a flood of sales that made the market resemble a soft track at Arcadia following a downpour. The fever that was manifest was terrific by Wednesday, and at the end of that day, when this review was being written, it looked as if there might be bedlam Thursday, unless those who have been making the market in the late Associated unlift were prepared not only to get behind the stock, but to keep their financial support at work until the scare was dissipated. Meantime, insiders continue to predict much higher prices for Associated, until after the stock has been made a market factor in New York, with a promise of a dividend of at least one per cent a quarter to be a certainty by the middle of February.

With the exception of Associated, there have been no marked changes in price movements since the last report. Palmer Oil, owned largely in San Francisco and operating in the Santa Maria field, has been the subject of a late sky-rocketty manipulation, with a lot of stock apparently changing hands here as well as in the north. The Stewart oils continue inactive. The Doheny issues also seem to be breathing for the time, with few sales.

In the public utility list, L. A. Home Pfd. continues to slump, with recent sales at 57, at which price the stock pays better than 8 per cent. Since there is to be a real public service commission, the shares really should be strong. A similar reflection should apply to the Edisons, the Pacific Light and Power and the L. A. Gas & Electric stocks. All, however, are softer than they have been in some time.

Bank stocks remain inactive, with the exception of Central National, which sold during the week at 180, the highest price since the late financial stringency. Citizens National continues in demand at 220, with higher prices predicted for the shares. Southern Trust, Security Savings and F. & M. National are apathetic for the time, with First National showing signs of an awakening.

Bonds do not appear to be wanted at anything like a decent price, a feature of the week's trading having been the sale of several L. A. Home refunding 5s at 79.

Money is abundant, at least for all legitimate demand.

Banks and Banking

At the close of business November 16, according to the report issued Thursday by Superintendent of Banks Anderson, the combined resources of the 628 financial institutions of California aggregated \$605,699,617. The figures represent the volume of business of 249 savings banks, 365 commercial banks and 14 trust companies. The paid-in stock of the savings banks reaches a total of \$21,000,000, and the loans on real estate amount to \$203,000,000. Undivided profits of all the banks in the state aggregate \$18,559,110. In the year prior to this report nine banks were closed by order of the state officials, two institutions closed their doors voluntarily, licenses were granted to eleven new banks and six financial institutions entered mergers.

Since the beginning of the present calendar year exports of gold from this country have been in excess of \$100,000,000. The largest movement took place in March, when the shipments were \$19,250,000. The total for November was \$12,550,000, against \$4,650,000 for October and \$7,000,000 for August. Argentina has taken the most gold and Paris has ranked next. The following shows the amounts sent to each country: Argentina, \$48,500,000; Paris,

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\$13,900,000; London, \$13,750,000; Japan, \$11,250,000; Brazil, \$9,100,000; Holland, \$4,000,000; total, \$100,500,000.

Contract has been awarded Paul Haupt for the erection of the new building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Spring streets for the Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank.

Word from the comptroller of currency at Washington authorizes the First National Bank of Lordsburg to begin business. The bank is capitalized at \$25,000, and its officers are Henry L. Kane, president; Lewis L. Lostutter, vice-president, and W. D. Frederick, cashier.

A. B. Kendall, secretary of the Citrus Protective League of Southern California, has been elected president of the Farmers National Bank of San Bernardino, succeeding A. L. Drew, who resigned on account of ill health.

Stock and Bond Briefs

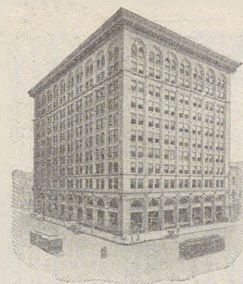
Hollywood city school district bonds, in the sum of \$30,000, were sold recently to J. W. Phelps, who offered a premium of \$571.

Santa Barbara's water works extension tunnel bonds, in the sum of \$39,000, have been awarded to the Harris Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago, whose bid carried a premium of \$843.

Total Resources of Banking Institutions

One of the most interesting compilations made public by the national monetary commission is that prepared by the comptroller of the currency on the banking power. The commission has actual figures from 22,491 banks, including state, private and savings banks and loan and trust companies; while the last reports to the comptroller covered only 21,346 institutions, the balance sheets of others being estimated. The total resources shown for reporting banks has increased from \$17,047,113,443, according to the comptroller's report for 1908, to \$21,095,054,420, according to the special reports to the commission at the close of business April 28, 1909. About the most illuminating analysis which can be made of these figures is to group assets and liabilities under general types, in order to ascertain the relation of quick assets to demand liabilities and the relation of cash to the entire credit structure. The inclusion of the savings banks statistics naturally modifies the proportions which would be found in the returns from other classes of institutions alone, figures a financial writer in the Chicago Post. Reduced to compact form, in round figures, the balance sheet presented by the commission for all classes of banks works out about as follows:

RESOURCES	
Loans other than real estate.....	\$ 8,796,000,000
Loans on mortgage security.....	2,506,000,000
Bonds and stocks.....	4,594,000,000
Due from banks.....	2,562,000,000
Cash.....	1,339,000,000
Bank notes.....	113,000,000
Other items.....	1,185,000,000
Total.....	\$21,095,000,000
LIABILITIES	
Due to other banks.....	\$ 2,485,000,000
Individual deposits.....	6,956,000,000
Bank notes outstanding.....	636,000,000
Savings, certificates and time deposits.....	6,767,000,000
Capital, surplus and profits.....	3,634,000,000
Other items.....	617,000,000
Total.....	\$21,095,000,000



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NAME	OFFICERS
CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. F. ZOMBRO, President. JAMES B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$243,000.
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. cor. Third and Main	R. J. WATERS, President. W. L. WOODS, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$35,000.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. CHARLES SEYLER, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,800,000.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. CHAS. G. GREENE, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$625,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$160,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN LOS ANGELES N. E. cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.
UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Main and Commercial	ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President. F. W. SMITH, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$73,000.00.
BROADWAY BANK & TRUST CO. 308-312 Broadway, Bradbury Bldg.	WARREN GILLELEN, President. R. W. KENNY, Cashier. Capital, \$250,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$205,000.

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THE GRAPHIC

S. T. CLOVER, EDITOR

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 11, 1909

SEVENTEENTH YEAR



"The Old Wives' Tale"

To write a novel of life is simply to confuse reviewers! How can one sketchily and briefly review life? "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett, presents just this problem. It is written with a master hand which only increases the difficulty. It is begun in a little inland city of England, with the two daughters of the most important tradesman as chief figures. The business had grown by the thrifty, conservative attention of John Baines. It had grown until three houses had to be thrown together to hold it, and John Baines, bedridden these dozen years, from his chamber, through the medium of his capable wife, still kept his seeing eye upon "the business." A gigantic self-respect grew with the business. When the signboard one day blew down and into the street, it was not replaced, as Mr. Baines objected to anything that looked like "puffing;" for the same reason a clearance sale was never thought of, and any person so unfortunate as not to be informed, must ask and learn the way to Baines'. The height of Mr. Baines' principles could scarcely be scaled.

Constance and Sofia, aged fifteen and sixteen, are the daughters of this "credit to human nature." As the story begins, they are pressing their noses against the window pane of the show room to watch Maggie, the cook, walk down the street in her new clothes, on her day out, one afternoon in the month. Maggie's life was passed in a cave of a kitchen whose one window disclosed to her the skirts and legs of passersby. Her duties were many and arduous, but her lot was a common one and needed no sympathy. Her one privilege was to fall in love, which she did perpetually, being engaged eleven times in the seventeen years of her service. Engagements and tragic partings were Maggie's pastime. "Fixed otherwise," Mr. Bennett humorously remarked, "she might have studied the piano instead." The two girls watch Maggie with much disdain. Constance, good natured and gentle, said, "Poor Maggie." Sofia, beautiful, high-spirited and mischievous, exclaimed, "It's too ridiculous!"

In this simple way is the keynote of their characters struck. Life flows on. Constance, timid, yielding, conservative, falls in love with and weds the foreman of the business. She has one son whom she adores, but her entire life is absorbed by affairs of the business, by the life about "The Square" upon which the houses front, and the minute and engrossing details of her housekeeping. She lives, loves and suffers, and finally dies in this same scale upon which her life is pitched. She upholds the traditions of her house; conservative, steadfast and with the towering self-respect which makes Baines' a monument to virtue, she leaves her mark upon her time.

Sofia, adventurous, impatient, proud and stubborn, is marked for a career. She first rebels against going into the "shop," in the established manner. She prefers to be a teacher, after stormily gaining her point. One day from the window she beholds the radiant, masculine vision of a commercial traveler. Poor Sofia's fate is sealed. She gives up her teaching and enters the "shop," merely for the chance of sight and of speech with this god-like creature when he comes to sell orders to the house. He has been at a university, has been to Paris, and talks familiarly of London. Sofia's beauty entralls him, and he finally persuades her to run away with him. Her mother has

not countenanced the affair, and has sent her to visit an aunt and recover from her infatuation.

Opposition has its usual result. Sofia helps herself to a banknote and joins her lover in London, where their marriage is to take place. She is in the hands of a seducer, but she does not know it, and just here Mr. Bennett makes his best stroke as a diviner of human forces. The lover, Gerald Scales, comes to her room to explain that there has been a hitch in the marriage preparations and they must put it off until the next day in Paris; he has tickets for their passage on a night boat, and will she come out and look at some pictures? Sofia is roused. All the inbred commonsense, the reverence for the established order, inherited from generations of right-living ancestors, takes her in hand. Loving Gerald as she does, supremely, and by her flight having cut herself off unreservedly from her family, yet so deeply is she outraged by his flippancy and irresponsibility that she scorns all his suggestions and allows him to leave her as she says, forever. She throws herself weeping upon her bed, despair clutching her heart, and there Gerald finds her when he returns, drawn by something stronger than his will. They are married, which fact Sofia wires to her mother, and then crosses to Paris and is as one dead to the life that has known her.

She finds herself united to an irresponsible fool. He has inherited a little money, so gives himself up to a life of pleasure as though it would last forever. After four years of marriage, when they have learned to hate each other, he deserts her, leaving her, as he believes, penniless.

But Sophia's thrift has asserted itself. Once when he returned from an orgie and slept exhausted through the day, she noticed papers protruding from a pocket. Among them she found banknotes for two hundred pounds; she sewed them into the lining of her skirt, with a feeling that a time of need would come. He discovered the loss, but thought he had been robbed on the street. For thirty years Sofia lives without her family, then the sisters meet again and end their lives together. It is a graphic, moving story, written in a style that seems to include all styles. The description of the execution of a criminal near Paris, and its terrible and brutalizing effects, might have been done by Victor Hugo, while Sofia's experience during the siege of Paris suggests Thackeray, and Beekie Sharp at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Mr. Bennett has humor of the whimsical kind, like Lamb; he has a loving sympathy like Dickens, and an insight equal to Balzac. All of which says little enough, really, for he is not like anything nor anybody else, so why should one look for it? ("The Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. Geo. H. Doran Co.) M. H. C.

"Actions and Reactions"

Why should a book of charming stories by Rudyard Kipling have a title that suggests a treatise on nervous diseases? "Actions and Reactions" does not beguile by its euphony, but being connected with Kipling gives it hope. There is a nice variety in the themes of these stories, and they are treated in the most charming Kiplingian manner. Several of them are placed in England, for which place Kipling has the sentiment of an exiled son. Others are laid in India, which Kipling knows as a native, but regards as a transient. The old charm of "Soldiers Three" is in "Garm—A Hostage," the story of a dog and his master, told with the most touching sympathy. An old friend, "With the Night Mail," recently stretched by mechanical contrivance into a whole book, now is compressed within its proper dimensions of sixty-two pages. There are sixteen sketches in all in this collection, and every one worth while. "The House Surgeon" is

particularly entertaining, but then so are the other fifteen, so why be invidious? Forming one of the red, limp-leather series, the book is just the right size to slip into one's pocket and read on a journey or by the evening lamp. ("Actions and Reactions." By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"It Never Can Happen Again"

William De Morgan's fourth and latest novel is ostentatiously, but not actually, based upon the intricacies involved in the deceased wife's sister tangle in England, and the title, "It Never Can Happen Again," has not the remotest connection with the essential story itself, being merely the statement that after the passage of the bill legalizing marriage with the deceased wife's sister, such another tangle—of which society and the world ever has been and probably ever will be replete—cannot rest itself upon similar legal technicalities. Or, in the title, does Mr. De Morgan dig in the ribs his own story? He is really clever enough to do that, for all his sixty-five admitted years.

Alfred Challis, author, married to Marianne, who is the sister of his first wife, falls in love, or thinks he does, with Judith, daughter of Lord Arkroyd. Marianne is the "good sort," but rather dull, complaining, secretive, hugging her sorrows, and with avidity searching for poisoned arrows—and of course finding them. So she finally carries off the children to mother, refusing an explanation that would have cut short the story in the middle of the second volume. Challis pleads for reconciliation, but Marianne has scarred herself deeply on the poisoned arrows generously provided by a busybody neighbor, who delights in magnifying incidents and distorting events that are of themselves not so evil, and she clings steadfastly to mother.

This leaves the author, who is eminent, to complete his nascent entanglement to the wiles of the heartless and beautiful Judith Arkroyd. Finally, they determine to elope and marry before the lords can pass the bill that would legalize his marriage to Marianne. An automobile accident lands Challis on his head—and incidentally kills the real hero of the story. When the former recovers consciousness he has forgotten the beautiful enchantress and cries for wife and baby. Wife has casually read of the accident in a scrap of newspaper on the children's toys, and she hurries to the bedside.

Really, 350,000 words seem too much to devote to so commonplace a set of circumstances, maugre the numerous side issues of the tale, and no one but William De Morgan would dare stretch it out so—or find a publisher if he did. In this novel his style is piquant and entertaining, but it lacks the force and sympathy of Dickens and the brilliancy and depth of Thackeray—whose ways in story telling he has been accredited with reviving. There are pages and pages of just cleverness, unilluminated by depth or breadth of thought. His analysis is subtle to a degree, but never startling.

It is a story of half-tone values and very ordinary circumstances, relieved, splendidly relieved by frequent glimpses of Jim Copeland, the blind beggar, and his lovable "dorter," Lizarrann. The latter, by the time she has twined herself firmly about your heart, dies of consumption—because among all her rich friends and patrons there is no one to send her to a warmer climate—a fact which the author does not seem to mind, so why should we? Her father, Jim, is the real hero of all these 600 and odd pages. In the depiction of this man, blinded by an explosion at sea, bereft of wife at the birth of Lizarrann, run over by a truck on a slippery night in London, and finally killed by the auto which so kindly officiates to restore Challis and Marianne to each other's arms and their common fireside—in the delineation of this rugged, un-

tutored hero, De Morgan has laid bare the heart of a great soul that is clothed in a form all too gross. There is nothing commonplace or petty in the life of Jim Copeland, save the outer events thereof, and these only serve to reveal his true inward greatness. Very deft is the painting of Jim Copeland.

De Morgan is no tyro in his craft, and long after you lay down this novel your heart harks back to the day they brought back from the seaside the cold body of Lizarrann. And you are glad that Jim died quickly on that day, so that he never knew that "my gal" was gone. And there are glimpses of slum life, and of Aunt Stiggy's treatment of Lizarrann, and of the preacher's encounter with the madman at Lizarrann's house, that you will not forget quickly. But for all that, 600 and odd pages are a good many. ("It Never Can Happen Again." By William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Co.)

"The Child You Used to Be"

Any text would be valuable which furnished subjects for Lucy Fitch Perkins' charming pictures of children and child life, but Leonora Pease has touched a tender vein in "The Child You Used to Be." This happy child's memory began with a grandmother, and her checked gingham aproned lap was a land of comfort and delights. It held you while you ate gingerbread men, and it was the best kind of a study table, with a red covered fairy story book spread wide open it. Then there were the delightful rambles in the lanes, when you were so near the ground that the puddles looked like ponds and the cow in the pasture was as big as an elephant. And the goblins in the dark corners of the stairs! How electric lights have depopulated the child world; there is hardly anything mysterious left! But this was in the time of candles, and the flickering, wavy light turned every post on the stairway into a possible giant. Then the long, dull New England Sundays, when you went to church in your blue sash and best hat, and felt your legs aching mercilessly long before the sermon was over! And the first loves of a child, too, how they come sweeping back when memory is touched! The lady in the choir, or a pretty young Sunday school teacher, or other illumined creature, much older than one's self. The pictures of these earnest, eager little creatures are captivating. They are done in two tones, and have all the charm and naturalness Mrs. Perkins invariably gives. On heavy paper, in clear type, this is one of the most attractive books of the season. ("The Child You Used to Be." By Leonora Pease. Illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg"

Back to the pompous days of intrigue, plotting and deception, back to the troubled court of King Frederick William in 1731, back to the time when every man's hand was at his scabbard and courtier and peasant talked in whispers lest the walls overhear—that is the atmosphere with which Charles Major has enveloped his latest tale, "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg." For a heroine he has brought forth the Princess Wilhelmina, sister of Frederick the Great, from the musty archives of history, and has made her a winsome woman of flesh and blood. For a hero he has a courageous soldier of fortune, the Prince of Bayreuth, who goes adventuring, incognito, in quest of excitement. How he is impressed into the service of King Frederick's giant grenadiers, how in this disguise he wins the hand of the lovely princess and makes her forever happy by revealing his identity at the critical moment is the old, old tale. But Charles Major garnishes it with a charming sincerity that casts a glamor over all faults. The character drawing is especially commendatory. The crusty King Frederick William, with his co-

lossal vanity and overbearing manner, his gross suspicion, his hatred of his son, is made the vital character of the book, and the reader finds himself admiring the old man in spite of—or perhaps because of—his frankly displayed faults. The king's favorite daughter, "Don't Care," is a subject of the same thoughtful delineation, and the weakling Prince Frederick, who afterward becomes Frederick the Great, is given a dominant personality. Charles Major has achieved that distinction which few authors accomplish—he has followed his still popular story, "When Knighthood Was in Flower, with a tale that ranks in the same high place in fiction. ("A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg." By Charles Major. The Macmillan Co.)

"Poems of Nature"

Aided and abetted by Henry Van Dyke, Doubleday, Page & Company have compacted into one handsomely printed and bound volume sixty of the master nature poems—heart and soul songs of men and women who have had the gift to express something, or perhaps much, of that deep content and silent assent to the Scheme of Things which is felt by every mortal who yields to the lure of nature and often seeks her balm in open skies. Human life should be lived so much in the open that one might read his nature poems at first hand, communing with the sea, the brooks and the hills, absorbing their mystic meanings and weaving into his life their strength, and poise, and music, without the intervening touch of nature's translators. But life is not that way, and for the millions it now cannot be. Wherefore come these master translators, distilling for us the perfume of wild flowers, ferreting out the secret wisdom of the animals, bringing the heart of nature into our walled-in homes; or, it may be, revealing to our jaded inner ken even when we do escape to the open that hidden soul of nature that seems to lie so deep beneath her smiling or lowering countenance.

"There are many other nature poems besides these which are here gathered," truly comments the compiler in his brief preface to the present volume. "Some, indeed, of the most beautiful have been written by living poets. But these that follow are sixty of the best songs and sonnets, odes and reflective verses, written by poets who have finished their work and passed into new regions."

Shakespeare, Coleridge, Browning, Emerson, Tennyson, Keats, Shelley—of course Robert Burns, and inevitably Walt Whitman and Sidney Lanier—with Wordsworth, Whittier, Longfellow and Thomas Hood, and one selection each from William Collins, Joseph Blanco White, Andrew Marvel, Celia Thaxter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Logan, Robert Herrick, William Morris, and Robert Tannahill—these are the authors from whom, with rare discrimination, the poems are selected. Old, old friends most of the verses are, but of the kind that grow closer and dearer as the years roll on. Who has read, for instance, Whitman's "Mocking Bird" once has read it again, and will read it with ever increasing love—and Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind"—

If the trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Ships these be that pass in the night, as well on the sea of literature as on the sea of human life, but the poems in this volume are already, or will surely become, lifelong friends, for all of them have a quality far beyond that of their day and hour. Various music the poems sing, touching all the warmer and loftier cords of human desire and aspiration, from Shelley's wild, passionate and melodious ode, "To a Skylark," to the stately measures and deeply mystical lines of Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn." There is the hopefulness and prophecy of Bryant's "Evening Wind," or the melancholy thoughts of his "Death of the Flowers," and of Hood's "Autumn;" the delightful and thought-provoking lines of Emerson "To a Titmouse" that impress the memory without moving deeply; the sweet lines of Bobby Burns, "To a Mountain Daisy," that awaken tender and affectionate emotions; Tennyson's chattering "Song of the Brook;" the Bard's merry lines of fairy life from "The Tempest;" Blanco White's strangely suggestive sonnet to "Night;" the dreamy, delicate beauty of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale;" the lyric sweetness of Herrick's "Daffodils" or of Celia Thaxter's "Sandpiper," and the state-

liness and calmness that pervade all of Wordsworth's nature verse.

"But two things I have found in all of them, simple or profound," says Van Dyke. "They are true to the facts of nature, faithful in observation of her works and ways; not daring to report falsely or foolishly of birds and flowers, or trees and rivers, but seeing with a lover's eye, and painting with a lover's hand, loyal to the form as well as to the spirit."

Truly, this is a book that should lie always on your study or library table, nor be hid away on the top shelf along with those heavier tomes that you are going to read, one day, when you have the time—which you never do, and, wherefore, the books are never read. But you will have time to read this book—a page now and then will do, if needs must—and a better hope on the cloudy days of life, surcease from the world's worries, and a better poise for its strifes will be your reward. The volume is richly and beautifully illustrated from photogravure plates from etchings and engravings, printed in sepia on heavily toned paper. ("Poetry of Nature." Edited by Henry Van Dyke. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Promise of American Life"

In "The Promise of American Life," Herbert Croly has honestly tried to be fair and unprejudiced in his consideration of the great political, economic and social problems growing out of the complex national organization of American citizens. And he has been so to a remarkable degree. He deserves the more credit for this great effort because of the constant tug of hereditary or preconceived ideas of a decided tone which one feels throbbing through the entire presentation. This tinge of bias is decidedly interesting to trace if one can bring himself to look dispassionately at political affairs, as it depicts the struggle in the honestly thoughtful man's mind at the present time to choose the better course for the effective reform. It indicates the dawn of a new era in American institutions, which the dust of passion and heat of activity in the arena hide from popular view. But, despite his apparent good intentions, his elaborate system of logic is full of debatable premises—to the other fellow, who is always prejudiced—which are prone to nullify the proved propositions and really sound reasoning. For to state a conclusion arrived at by an unexpressed mental process, though seemingly patent, is not sufficient to remove the prejudice in the average mind on such questions as are here discussed.

After denoting the inherent characteristics of the American citizen, determining his peculiar view of the national promise, and outlining that ideal as it was in colonial days and following the struggle for independence, he hastily scans the horizon ahead, pointing out the manner in which this ideal of a better, broader future for Americans, individually and collectively, than in the past or present is to be realized. The childish fatalism takes on conscious purpose with each epoch in the nation's growth. From this preliminary survey he plunges into the elaboration of the expansion of the American ideals as expressed in its great crucial periods, and this is largely a history of the political parties, the crises giving birth to them and their development. Federalism and Hamiltonian theories, representing the conservative, aristocratic factors in governmental functioning, and Republicanism and Jeffersonian doctrines looking to the interests of the individual citizen or group of citizens; the short career of the Whig movement, and the rise of Jacksonian Democracy and the infamous "spoils system" and kindred evils of shortsighted reasoning; the obstruction of the question of slavery as a democratic institution and the right to secede—all bear, in turn, upon the growing importance of centralization and nationalism as opposed to individualism and localism. Out of the conflict of these latter ideas were born the two great parties occupying the stage today.

But the issue of nationalism in its simplest form having been met, the country enters into a new and more complex era, bringing novel and more perplexing problems touching the "noble national theory." Specialization introduced the divergence of interests of the man of business, the politician and the lawyer—"captains of industry," corporation lawyers, political and labor "bosses" in an incredibly short time assuming the position of menace to the

perpetuity of the great American ideal of democracy. Then, by common consent, enters an army of reformers, each with his diagnosis of the dread disease and pet remedy. Conspicuous among the modern claimants to the title he considers more particularly William J. Bryan, William Travers Jerome, William Randolph Hearst and Theodore Roosevelt, and their respective parts in the work of adjusting affairs to the growing demands of the day.

Logically, and with a fine attention to minutiae, he leads up to the present period, giving a brief survey of foreign policies and relations upon the American national problems. And then concludes by offering carefully considered and conservative suggestions, not for the restoration of the traditional American political system, but rather for reorganization and departure from the use of worn-out ideas of the infancy and, again, of the youth of the democracy. Although at times his statements sound rather startling, his qualifications following temper what would otherwise seem radicalism. Not by revolutionary methods does he recommend the accomplishment of these reforms, but by a constant advance with the true end always in view. Institutional reform, beginning most logically with the state, a departure from tradition, a fluidity of governmental functioning to enlarge the opportunities of the individual and at the same time strengthening the national feeling and pride are the factors in the new American ideal.

It is not the opposition of nationalism and individualism, but rather the harmonizing of these that constitute the new outlook. The promise of American life will mean a readjustment of political ideals and a consequent broader, more altruistic economic field of action when the individuality of the worker will be expressed in the larger quantity and higher quality of his work and a social classification of congeniality of tastes and abilities in a truer democratic spirit. In the scheme of things education on a new basis plays a prominent part. It is an intensely interesting program Mr. Croly has given, and its various constituent numbers all fit in so artfully that even a protestant must admire the skill and conscientiousness of the promulgator of the new era of American idealism. ("The Promises of American Life." By Herbert Croly. The Macmillan Co.)

"Some Friends of Mine"

One imagines E. V. Lucas always having a good time, a very good time, dining on books! It isn't likely, of course, that he really nibbles the covers, but he sits enjoying himself until he can contain himself no further, then he says, "But this is really too good, I must tell somebody," when the public gets a volume of crumbs from his intellectual table. This time it is "Some Friends of Mine," and they are from the byways and hedges, a various gathering, but all charming. The subjects include "Chance Acquaintance," "Urban Humorists," "The Country Gentlemen," "Good Servants," "Two Cricketers," etc., up to the twentieth century, which treats of "Our Oldest Friend," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is a collection, merely, but includes, as authors, George Borrow, Major Truman, Dr. John Brown, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Pope, Heine, J. G. Lockhart, Robert Louis Stevenson, Oliver Goldsmith, Dean Ramsay and dozens of others. It is a charming volume to pick up now and then, or to read traveling, every page is rich. ("Some Friends of Mine." By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Co.)

"Lords of High Decision"

Meredith Nicholson's latest novel, "The Lords of High Decision," is not altogether uninteresting, but hardly so good as one might expect from this author. Its chief value lies in his masterly description of Pittsburg, the "City of the Iron Heart," and in the several touches of character work which he seems to have thrust in as an afterthought. For a writer of his wide experience, Mr. Nicholson has a strangely crude, amateurish touch that crops out in the most unexpected places. Though it may be a discredit to the book-reading public, nevertheless the fact remains that the majority of people do not care for a story in which the hero is unworthy of respect in the opening chapters. They like to see a man's soul regenerated, but they prefer that it shall not be the hero's, unless, of course, it be a case where the hero is a mildly cynical person who is finally re-

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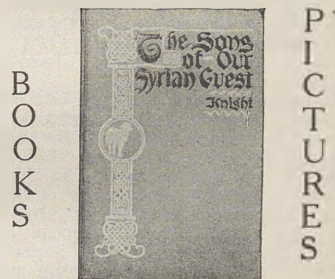
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deemed by his love for a good woman. In Mr. Nicholson's story his principal character, Wayne Craighill is a cad, neither pure nor simple, but entirely and unqualifiedly. He is a drunkard, a man whose escapades have occupied columns in the newspapers, whose presence is not desired in society because careful mothers are afraid to trust their debutante daughters with him, and whose own sister, in spite of her great love for him, hesitates to introduce him to a girl for whom she entertains affection and respect. When Mr. Nicholson draws his hero in this manner he strikes an irretrievably false note, and when he permits Wayne to do all in his power to ruin his father's happiness by making love to his vacillating stepmother, the author oversteps the bounds completely. Jean Morley, the heroine, is priggish and prudish, although Mr. Nicholson occasionally does grant her a little touch of human kindness. The success of Jean's influence on Wayne's life does not ring true, it leaves the discriminating reader with the haunting presentiment that after Wayne has married the girl and the blush of passion has faded he will return to his old haunts and ways and another life will go wrong. The book is depressing. ("The Lords of High Decision." By Meredith Nicholson. Doubleday (Page & Co.)

"Florentine Frame" and "Bella Donna"

To anyone interested, there is a nice example of literary counterpoint in two of the season's popular novels. Elizabeth Robins in "A Florentine Frame" writes with knowledge of the evolved woman; the woman of cultivated mind, of fine character, whose personality was a moving power upon all that it touched. A woman past her first youth, whose heart flowered late; like those plants that gather strength and sweetness for years, to spend it all in one splendid blossom, and then die.

Mr. Robert Hichens, in "Bella Donna," has guessed at the woman of the cult upon men was a poison, whose touch upon men was apoison, whose mind was a light upon devious ways, but whose fate, like the other woman's, had the relentless intensity of the gathered years. The middle-aged heroine is rather new in fiction, she loses something in picturesqueness, but she gains in power. Where the old-fashioned novel ended with marriage, the novel of today begins. "They lived happy ever after" won't do any longer as a summing up.

Is the world getting older, or have the divorce grist mills made it more knowing? Anyway, it seems generally to be noticed now that life goes right on, after marriage, and the novelists are busy satisfying this new curiosity about what happened next. Does love belong properly to young April, as measles and whooping cough attend childhood? And is it only dangerous when carried over into one's prime, like these diseases too? Or is it an efflorescence of the soul that varies in expression, as flowers vary in color and perfume?

Isabella Roscoe of "The Florentine Frame" and "Bella Donna" are as far apart in their manifestations of emotions as the Easter lily and the poinsettia. Isabella Roscoe was married at seventeen to a millionaire old enough to be her father. She grew beautiful in spirit, patient, forceful, under a life of starved emotions and many humiliations. She had one deeply loved daughter whom she had educated abroad, going back and forth yearly from Europe to New York, dividing her life between these two interests, husband and child. When the story begins she is a widow with a sixteen-year-old daughter, returned to America to make her home, and with a dream of using her fortune and her talents to foster a real love and respect for art among the crudities of her own country. She is beginning to feel a real zest for living and an expression of her talents in writing a play, when the story opens. She sends her manuscript to an old friend, a college professor, for judgment. He has guided her mental development more or less since she was his student, in her youth.

But before he has time to read it, he has discovered what he has so long anxiously sought among students, the real American dramatist. Chester Keith has written what Professor Fanshawe enthusiastically declares to be the first great American play. But being unknown and modest, the young author can find no hearing for his work which goes begging among managers, until Isabella Roscoe, rich, dis-

tinguished and enthusiastic, takes up his cause and compels a hearing. The result is all that Professor Fanshawe has prophesied, and the dramatic world looks to Keith for more and better work. Meantime, he is established upon a familiar and intimate footing in the home of the Roscoes, where he brings an element of companionship into the rather lonely life of Isabella Roscoe and her beautiful daughter. To anticipate the story would not be fair, but it flows easily along to its climax. The style is brilliant and finished, the dialogue runs like the lines of a play, with everything superfluous left out.

Here is another point of contrast to Mr. Hichens' story. His dialogue is merely silly. If it were not redeemed by his real story-telling gift and vivid powers of description, Bella Donna, to put it flippantly, wouldn't have a leg to stand on! Here and there is evidence that the author has hit upon a vital truth, but it comes with the surprise one feels when a precocious child lets fall words of wisdom. Mr. Hichens does not allow himself to be hampered by reality. His story begins in London with a fashionable doctor, to whom comes a courtesan for consultation. She has lost some zest for life, so reasons that her body must be ailing, as she traces everything to physical causes, being entirely skeptical regarding souls.

Then appears an enthusiastic young man, who believes that a thought may be almost an act of creation. To believe firmly in the possibility of redemption is to redeem in this man's sight, so he sets himself the task of rehabilitating the shabby soul and broken fortunes of Bella Donna. He marries her and takes her to Egypt. This is the land beloved of Mr. Hichens, and he makes the desert and the Nile burn and glow with words of passionate power. ("The Florentine Frame." By Elizabeth Robins. Moffat, Yard & Co.) ("Bella Donna." By Robert Hichens. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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For the hostess, put to it to invent a sandwich never seen before, and to busy mothers trying to invent five new kinds a week, "The Up-to-date Sandwich Book" will come as a boon. It holds within its pretty, rose-colored covers 400 ways of making a sandwich. In the reading they sound delectable and filling. The merciful compiler is Eva Greene Fuller. "Hosts and Table Sentiments," a collection to "gladden dinners and aid the good work of digestion," compiled by Wallace Rice, holds some surprising things. Would one expect this very human sentiment from Martin Luther?

Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

Doesn't sound a bit like "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," does it? There are quips by Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr, Oliver Herford and Bob Burdette; limericks, toasts and love sentiments galore. Well printed and prettily bound, it makes an attractive little gift book.

There is always place for books on etiquette, but, alas, those who need them seldom or never buy them. But "Dame Curtsey's Book of Etiquette," by Ellyn Howell Glover, is so clear and explicit, and so inexpensive, that it ought to be carried in many side pockets. What a nice thing if street car companies would distribute them free to their passengers.

"Catchwords of Wisdom," a little book of epigrams, starts out by saying, "A wise selection from among old things is almost equal to the invention of new ones." It is a compilation made from the written words of the acknowledged great, and is a real relief from the voluminous statements of the merely smart. Printed in blue ink on cream paper, with decorations of autumn leaves, the little book is rich in style and matter.

"My Chums in Caricature" is a variation in guest books. It contains sixty-two pages and as many sentiments defining friends. Blank lines for date, name and address, with space for comments combine to make a pretty gift book.

Always welcome, the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," by Fitzgerald, appears in a pink and white dress, with clear bold print and a charming little personal note by Wallace Rice as an introduction. Only the one and finished version of the quatrain is given, making the book small and pleasing to handle.

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Something of Men I Have Known. By former Vice-President ADLAI E. STEVENSON. Recollections of famous men of 50 years, by a born raconteur. 54 portraits. 8vo. Net \$2.75

Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. By MRS. A. S. C. FORBES. The souvenir of California. Beautifully illustrated. 8vo. . . \$1.50

For the Soul of Rafael. A Romance of old California. By MARAH ELLIS RYAN. Pictures from photographs. 8vo. . . \$1.50

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by Ellyn Howell Glover, adds practically to the series of works by this writer. Besides a complete and varied menu, the little volume contains chapters on setting the table, serving of courses, a table of measures and other things of practical value to young and old housekeepers. Neatly bound in gray, with a cheerful back of red, this most necessary book needs no apology in any company. A. C. McClurg & Co. publish all of the above useful and suggestive gift books for the holidays. They are well printed, tastefully bound and are issued in convenient form, making a ready appeal to the harassed Christmas shopper.

"Garden of the Mediterranean"

Due east of Italy's big toe, and separated from it only by the narrow straits of Messina, whose northern entrance, as everyone knows, is guarded by those antique monsters of ever-living service to political orators and polemical essayists, Scylla and Charybdis, lies the classic, romantic, beautiful and squalid island of Sicily, which, in four hundred well-printed and delightfully illustrated pages Will S. Monroe tells us is the Garden of the Mediterranean. Strictly encyclopaedic are the pages, but the book loses no value from that fact. Sicily is an eternal poem, and this truth is rather emphasized than weakened by the prosaic manner of Mr. Monroe's condensation of her history and thorough statement of her present status. From Theocritus, who sung

Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,

down to John Addington Symond's seductive sketches of Palermo, Syracuse and Aetna, this world's battleground of antiquity and the middle ages hath not lacked fitting chroniclers of its past and ever-present glories. Though neither poetic nor graphic in character or purpose, the book fascinates and holds the interest by its photographic faithfulness of delineation. It is tersely compounded, of many quotations from various library sources, and not without bits of coloring here and there that lighten the text, but never burden it. If one would know about modern Sicily, its climate, its topography, its people and their poverty, its civic conditions and unmoral atmosphere, its products (mostly agricultural), and its numerous and beautiful extant classic ruins and monuments—or if one would quickly refresh his historical knowledge of the wonderful island, this is probably the volume par excellence. Its author, fortunately, was on the island at the time of the earthquake disaster at Messina, and he has treated at length of its causes and consequences.

Fair Sicily—very ancient historically, and very young geologically—has little more than half the area of California, and much the same climate as the southern half thereof. Its rivers are torrents in winter and merely arroyos in summer. It has snow-capped mountains, many extremely fertile valleys, hot springs, mineral springs, and per-

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petually active volcanoes. If one could obviate the unpleasant sirocco, that sultry, dispiriting wind from Africa, which is frequent in April, May and September, and of which no month in the year is entirely free, Los Angeles and its environs might have cause to envy its rival charms. For, though naturally a barren island with but scant vegetation and no forests, its almost world-old cultivation has converted it into one vast garden of surpassing loveliness. Sicily's bays and promontories are picturesque in the extreme. Its soil is rich and deep, and yields many mineral treasures. It is peopled by the descendants of gods and ancient heroes of many, many climes—who immigrate to the United States every year by the tens of thousands. Twenty-eight cents a day is the income of the average workingman, whose family is invariably large. There are one-third of a million more cradles than coffins required in Sicily every twelvemonth—and the cities on the coast are unduly congested, while the interior is all too sparsely populated. Dishonesty, gambling, a disinclination to the liberal use of soap and water, and the Mafia idea of private vengeance—these are the main faults of the modern Sicilians, says the author. Otherwise, they are very hospitable, kindly disposed, and industrious, but illiterate.

The chapter on Palermo, reviewing its history since the Phoenicians, describing its architectural monuments left by Arab, Norman and Roman, and their art and archeological treasures; a similar chapter on Syracuse, ancient and modern, and the description of Aetna, are exceptionally interesting. If the right-hand page headings (folio lines) could have given a hint of the immediate contents, instead of merely iterating the general title, the book would have been far more serviceable to the casual reader—or even to one

who has grown to love the volume and wishes quickly to refer to this or that topic. In other respects the work is thorough and well compacted. Its numerous welcome illustrations are cleanly printed, and are of much service to the text. ("Sicily, the Garden of the Mediterranean." By Will S. Monroe. L. C. Page & Company.)

"Beechy"

In "Beechy," Bettine Von Hutten gives her readers a character not unlike her Pam in quaintness and originality, yet her book is not nearly so appealing in its interests as were the books in which the latter was heroine. The character of Beechy is clearly drawn, but she lacks the vital quality which made Pam so popular with the fiction reading public. Baroness Von Hutten has builded her novel on the conventional standard—that a man may be forgiven everything and a woman nothing, but her conception of the sentiment of the entire book is false. Her hero is a weakling, without one admirable trait, a will-o'-the-wisp who flits from woman to woman, seeking new sensations in the gentle art of loving. He does not even arouse pity, only a deep contempt for his unmanliness and his vacillation. The author has tried to present both physiological and psychological problems, but offers a solution for neither the one nor the other. Complications in the love affairs of the hero and heroine of the story are added to by the fact that the former has a wife. Unusual, but not without plausibility, is the character of Lady Cressage, the wife, who, cognizant of her husband's weaknesses, of his many intrigues and of his interests in Beechy, seeks to save the latter from his attentions. The friendship between the two women is made one of the strong points of the story, and the reader is not altogether unprepared for the unusual denouement. Lesser characters in the story are drawn with more or less skill. The result is that the book offers good reading, despite its weaknesses noted. ("Beechy." By Baroness Von Hutten. F. A. Stokes & Co.)

"Philosophy of Our Existence"

In a series of small books, Bernard Plummer purposes giving a new interpretation of the origin, destiny, fall and redemption of mankind. The first of the "Problem of Life" brochures, covering the last-named theme, is "The Philosophy of Our Existence," just from the press. Its basic thought is that a man's salvation lies within himself rather than in the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ in a vague long ago. In this it is to be commended, although the ideas are rather confusedly presented, nor are they new to the moralist or religionist of the day. His theory of healing and preservation of perfect health is being generally discussed, if not practiced. The "blood" he interprets to mean the life, and Christ's example he urges is to be followed, not merely set up on a pedestal, in order to cleanse the blood (spiritual) of sin. In connection with this, simplicity in living and cleanliness of body complete the redemption of the entire man. Salvation follows as a logical course upon sane right living. ("Philosophy of Our Existence." By Bernard Plummer. R. Y. McBride Press.)

Dawson Catalogue of Rare Books

Catalogues can have atmosphere even as certain pictures have, and in their December issue, telling of rare books, fine bindings and art treasures, Messrs. Dawson and Collins of the Old Book Shop on South Hill street, have injected into the work that suggestive charm which artists of talent cunningly paint into their canvases. It is a notable collection of worthies these two book-loving souls have to offer. Why Librarian Lummis has not snapped up Herrara's "Early Voyages" (Mexico), dated Paris, 1691, is a mystery; perhaps he has a copy. Another valuable adjunct to the public library is a folio volume containing seventy-four written legal documents, four written entirely in the Nahaut dialect. It is a rare Mexican prize. There are black letter editions of Elizabethan date, Turner engravings, reproductions of the best paintings of European galleries, Aldines, works on art and architecture, on botany, colors (in painting), decorative art and sculpture, the drama, French and German art, etchings, nature studies, works on heraldry, Junius' letters, distinguished lives of actors, painters and authors; histories, ancient and modern, poetry and the poets—

the entire gamut of the kindred arts in fact is represented in this fascinating catalogue, not forgetting many quaint and interesting volumes from the famous Elzevir press of Leyden. It is a catalogue to study, and to ponder is to acquire.

"Anne of Avonlea"

Anne Shirley is a valuable addition to the library of the modern girl, and her further adventures in "Anne of Avonlea" and well and graphically told by her creator, L. M. Montgomery. The story is meant particularly for those misses who are lingering on the border of sweet sixteen, but an adult would not be bored by the relation of the whims and adventures of this new character in fiction. There is just a whisper of romance in a pretty little love story that concerns two of Anne's friends, and just a vague foreshadowing of the romance of Anne's own life. How Anne became a school teacher and triumphed over her rebellious scholars, how she finally won her chance for a college education in spite of obstacles, forms a tale that is perhaps not new, but is interestingly and charmingly written. Anne may be rather improbably quaint and may possess qualities which are not the attributes of many sixteen-year-old girls, nevertheless she is lovable and admirable. ("Anne of Avonlea." By L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co.)

"Dick in the Everglades"

There is one part of the country that has not been overwritten, and portions of it have been terra incognita long after the Great West was well mapped out, that is the Florida Everglades. The author says this is a true story; that all the adventures and experiences narrated have occurred to him; that he has understated, rather than exaggerated the feats of the young explorers, and that the descriptions of the country and diagrams are nearer correct than the government maps. This being the case, this exploring and hunting trip of the two young friends may be read as real facts. Indeed, Mr. Dimock did capture manatees and crocodiles, and send them to the New York Zoological Garden. The young hunters, Dick and Ned, traverse that great swamp, hunting and fishing, and the adventures they have with turtles, 'gators, crocodiles, manatees, deer, panthers, bears, tarpon and other fish and animals, besides snakes, which seem to have been as plentiful as angleworms after a rain, furnish excitement enough for the most avid taste. A critical person might wonder how the boys escaped fever and ague by being continually in wet clothes from going overboard on any and every occasion, accidentally and otherwise. The book is embellished with thirty-eight half-tones from photos taken of the scenes described, adding greatly to the value and interest of the book. "Dick in the Everglades." By A. W. Dimock. Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Of Minor Mention

"What does Christmas Really Mean?" A sermon begun by John T. McCutcheon and finished by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and published by Forbes & Company of Chicago, is a pretty reminder that Christmas is not all gift giving and feasting. The preacher has told for children a plain and comprehensive story of the Christ child. Each page is fancifully bordered and the book is prettily bound.

For two years Josef Hofmann has been answering questions from young piano students through the medium of a current periodical. Doubleday, Page & Co. have issued these 250 questions with their answers in a convenient and attractive little volume. Mr. Hofmann, in a foreword, takes a very definite stand when he says that "the ethical value of music depends not upon the musician's technique, but solely upon his moral tendencies," and warns the young student against charlatanisms and tricks that degrade art. The questions are for the most part practical ones, having to do with choice of composers, methods of acquiring a definite point of technique and reading to widen one's musical intelligence. Mr. Hofmann answers in no uncertain way.

"The Diamond Master"

Jacques Futrelle has a happy gift of relating tales of mystery that are plausibly improbable and interestingly possible. He plunges into his latest tale, "The Diamond Master," with a situation that grips the imagination of the reader, and he adds complication

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

Personal and Social

One of the pleasant events of this week was the masquerade ball given Thursday evening by Commander Ward Winchell, U.S.N., and Mrs. Winchell at their home on Kenwood avenue. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ferris, Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Parker, Mr. and Mrs. William James Chick, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lawrence, Judge and Mrs. Wills, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carruth, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. O'Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Kingsland, Mrs. Grace Sanborn, Mrs. D. P. Doak, Mrs. M. S. Baker, Miss Fay Talamantes, Miss Grace Talamantes, Col. J. B. Lankershim, Mr. Jack Lankershim, Mr. Warde Winchell, Jr., Mr. Lemuel Parton, Mr. Arthur E. Dunning, Mr. O. L. Wuerker and Mr. Henry F. Duck.

Mr. Walter Hampel, president of the Los Angeles Motor Racing Company (lessees of Ascot Park), was a recent visitor at Coronado, his trip being in the interests of a mid-winter automobile meet to be held at the Coronado Country Club. Arrangements probably will be concluded in time for a program beginning at New Year's. The Coronado Country Club mile track is one of the safest regulation tracks in the country for automobiles.

Mr. T. J. Fleming of Los Angeles, secretary of the Portland Cement Company, accompanied by Mr. W. M. Gibson of Colton, motored down to Coronado for the week-end. Among other Los Angelenos registering recently at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. John K. Urnston, H. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Albright, Mr. Richard Arenz, Mr. C. F. Balchweiler, Mr. A. E. Keller, Mr. J. Rowland and Mr. F. Weber Benton, editor of Scenic America.

One of the enjoyable affairs of recent date, in which the younger set participated, was the "baby" party given by Mr. Jeffery Gilleas of Hollywood. All of the guests were dressed as little children and juvenile games were played in the evening. About twenty young folk were present.

Mrs. C. B. Love and two daughters, Misses Mabel and Ethel Love, who have been living in this city, have taken apartments on North Euclid avenue, Pasadena, for the winter. The young women are well known and popular in the younger set of the Crown City.

Among the prominent Los Angelenos who have been visiting at Arrowhead Hot Springs are Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and her daughter, Miss Annis Van Nuys of West Sixth street; Mrs. C. Seligman, Mrs. F. N. Spillman and Mr. B. J. Sepulveda.

Miss Lucile Cope of 1055 Orange street is back from a two months' visit in San Francisco, where she was the guest of Miss Florence Aitken, daughter of Judge Aitken, and other school friends. While away Miss Cope was a guest at a large house party given at Napa by Dr. and Mrs. Stone.

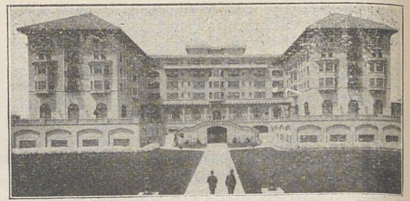
Mrs. Lucius L. Vogel of 2271 Cambridge street entertained Sunday evening with a dinner party in compliment to Mr. Vogel, whose birthday anniversary the occasion commemorated. Poinsettias, violets and carnations were used in the decorations and covers were laid for thirty-five guests.

Mrs. Fred Perry of Chester place entertained Thursday of last week with a matinee box party at the Orpheum, after which tea was enjoyed at the Alexandria. Her guests included Mmes. John Powers, Richard Bronson, Walter Perry Story, C. L. Higbee and Charles Modini-Wood.

Mrs. C. Q. Stanton of Whittier street was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon given at her cottage at Hermosa Beach. The affair was in compliment to Mrs. Henry Thompson of San Antonio, Texas, who is visiting in this city. Covers were laid for eight.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marie Williams, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Williams of West Fortieth street, to Mr. Edward LeRoy Culver. The wedding will take place the latter part of this month.

Mrs. H. C. Mines and child of Westlake avenue, and Mrs. J. B. Dawson were among the visitors to Hotel del Coronado recently.

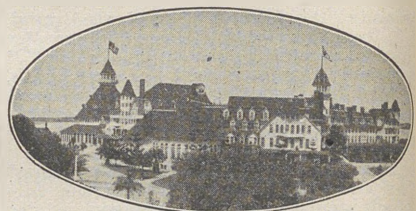


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(Continued from Page Eighteen)

after complication, yet never loses the thread of his story. Imagine a conservative diamond merchant receiving by mail a package containing the most perfect diamond he had ever seen. Conceive his further astonishment when he learns that four of his brother dealers have received diamonds resembling his as much as it is possible for two things to be alike. And then, to cap the climax, witness a young man bringing to a council of the diamond merchants a bag containing diamonds exceeding in luster, color and value the most precious gems the world has known. The very lavishness of the Futrelle imagination appeals to the reader potently, with the result that he follows the tale with unflagging interest from start to finish. There is little of the cheap, blood-and-thunder villainy characteristic of the majority of these mystery tales. In fact, "The Diamond Master" is good sensational reading for the serious mind, that likes to indulge in a luxury on occasion. ("The Diamond Master." By Jacques Futrelle. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Mosher Books and Catalogue

Than the Mosher books there is nothing daintier in mechanical construction, nothing more fascinating in literature, because they are of the best. They are printed from type upon genuine hand-made paper. Every volume has its parchment wrapper and slide case, properly labelled, ready for the library shelf. As gift books to lovers of real literature they carry a charm that is not to be found in the more pretentious works which lack the individuality of the Mosher-made book. What this Portland (Maine) publisher has done is to reprint "the messages of the consecrated ones"—to resow in fields their authors never knew; to recall the names of the worthy dead who, but for his help, would be forgotten, perhaps, by the generations that have come after. For what Thomas B. Mosher has done for those of kin in soul to the gods of a vanished past a heavy debt of gratitude is due.

These reflections are induced by the receipt of the 1909 catalogue of the Mosher reprints of belles lettres, issued in choice and limited editions. One's mouth waters as the list of authors and titles is scanned contained in the "Old World" series. Such a glorious array of Great Companions! Fifty or more works of enduring literature, each a gem of purest ray serene. To mention a few: There are Belloc's "Romance of Tristan and Iseult"; William Blake's "Songs of Innocence"; "Sonnets From the Portuguese" and "Pippa Passes" by the Brownings; Sir Richard Burton's "Kasidah"; Michael Fairless' "Roadmender"; Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam"; Andrew Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette"; Fiona Macleod's "From the Hills of Dream," and other of William Sharpe's exquisite poetry; George Meredith's "Modern Love"; William Morris' "Dream of John Ball"; Gerard de Nerval's "Sylvie"; Walter Pater's "Gaston de Letour"; Poe's Poems; Ernest Renan's "My Sister Henriette"; Christina Rossetti's "Monna Innominata"; and Daniel Gabriel Rossetti's "House of Life"; Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies"; Shakespeare's Sonnets; Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse"; Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" and his "Felise" lyrics; Arthur Symonds' "Silhouettes"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince and Other Tales," and James Thompson's "City of Dreadful Night."

These are but a part of the riches contained in this attractive series, all beautifully printed and bound, and offered at a price ridiculously low. But the above list is only a portion of the Mosher collection. In his "Brocade" series are to be found such masterpieces as Matthew Arnold's "Maurice de Guerin," Dr. John Brown's "Marjorie Fleming" and "Rab and His Friends," Theophile Gautier's "The Dead Leman," Richard Jeffries' "Pageant of Summer," Lee Vernon's "In Umbria," more classics by Fiona Macleod, William Morris and Walter Pater; Stevenson's famous "Will o' the Mill," "A Lodging for the Night," "Francois Villon," and "Sire de Maletroit," and Theodore Storm's tender little love story, "Immensee."

Selections from the English aesthetic school and its successors are included in the Quarto series in prose and verse, comprising poems and ballads of Swinburne and Rossetti and studies in art and poetry by Pater. The Lyric Garland includes such poets as Yeats, Henley, Symonds, Swinburne, Wilde,

Villon, Whitman, Ernest Dawson, Lionel Johnson, Austin Dobson, Rosamund Marriott Watson, Katherine Tynan and Lizette Woodworth Reese. Then there are the Vest Pocket series and the Ideal series of little masterpieces, including selections from Olive Schreiner, De Quincey, Beaudelaire and other equally charming authors.

By all means write to Mr. Mosher for a copy of his catalogue, which is not a mere list of books, but a work of artistic merit, with prose and poetry intertwined from Arthur Upson, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Stephane Mallarme, J. W. Mackail, Emily Dickinson, William Archer, Viola Taylor, A. Lenalle, and John Davidson's pathetic "The Last Journey." Then, too, there is an appreciatively written introduction by Mr. Mosher, and several dainty etchings in prose by anonymous writers, who deserve to be known to all, together with a list of reprints from the famous Biblot, the 'delightful little Mosher magazine.

Not to be invidious, but just as a suggestion for the gift-hunting booklover, there are Frances Thompson's exquisite essay on Shelley, W. B. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire," Lizette W. Reese's collection of poems "A Wayside Lute," or her sweetly simple "Branch of May," Browning's noble religious poem, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Milton's magnificent "Ode on the Nativity," Austin Dobson's delicate "Proverbs in Porcelain," "Mimma Bella," a small "rosary of rhyme," by Eugene Lee-Hamilton; Charles Baudelaire's exquisite "Poems in Prose," translated by Arthur Symonds; W. E. Henley's memorable lyrics contained in his "Rhymes and Rhythms," Swinburne's earlier lyrics in "Felise," Walter Pater's "Child in the House," Olive Schreiner's "Lost Joy and Other Dreams," which speak from heart to heart, and Katherine Tynan's human, tender memory "For John O'Mahony's Friend." But don't fail to send for the Mosher catalogue. It is a work of art in itself. S. T. C.

"Our National Parks"

Abating no jot or tittle of love and admiration for the large, fine outdoor work of John Muir, may one be permitted to differ with—perhaps with merely the phraseology of a certain statement of his on page one of his great and beautiful book, "Our National Parks?" Here he writes, "Awakening from the stupefying effects of the vice of overindulgence and the deadly apathy of luxury—" May this not be reasoned a little closer, so that one shall see that it really isn't work that stupefies, but the wrong kind of work in wrong quantities at the wrong time? It is the everlasting pounding upon and stretching of but just one set of cerebral nerves, to the exclusion and atrophy of all the other nerves of brain and body that kills, or stupefies—and not work per se. Let work be called activity. Life is activity; slothfulness is death. Americans do not "work" too much; their life would be fuller and richer if they worked more—were active in more varied ways. It is the eternal sameness that comes from overindulgence in specialized work that hurts and finally kills. Few men have worked harder or more constantly than John Muir, but his "work" is his pleasure, his toil, and his luxury. His is a well-rounded life, the very nature of his beloved work developing almost equally all the nerve ganglia—all the faculties of body, mind, and whatever there may be beyond mind. And his luxury is, more "work"—another week or month prowling over the open landscape, with such glorious bed curtains at night as never a Bourbon palace contained, and such long, deep draughts of a wine so headier than was ever brewed of grape alone, that he falls to deep sleep, drunk of the wine of gods.

Or, perhaps, his "luxury" is to come back home and "work" off his long wild debauch in the open—translating the marvels of Yellowstone, the sublimities

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The Mosher Books Catalogue

THE New Catalogue for 1909, printed in red and black throughout, in old-style gray wrapper, eighty pages, octavo, is now ready and will be mailed free to all booklovers who apply for it. From year to year these Catalogues have been issued with the view of making known, as no other form of advertising could make known, The Mosher Books and what they represent in up-to-date bookcraft. All possible value has been put into these books by their publisher, so that today they are the only collection of genuine hand-made paper editions at popular prices in America. The Catalogue itself is a bibliography as well and stands alone both as to format and literary selections.

General Agents for the exclusive sale of the Mosher Books on the Coast:
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of the Grand Canyon, or the "solemn, fateful," glorious beauties of the parks and forests of Yosemite. Oh, it is not "luxury" that produces "apathy"—what man knows more of luxury than John Muir? It is concentration upon one certain kind of luxury that harms—the apathetic relaxation induced by the gilded and tapestried coffins called "residences"—that luxury which atrophies sensation either through mere relaxation or gross stimulation. It is luxury to read John Muir's prose poems of the great American parks, but a luxury very much akin to a mountain sunset or sunrise which induces, not apathy, but interior exultation—a stirring of the finer vibrations that touch more nearly the center and source of life.

To all of which no doubt John Muir himself will assent—and be disposed to thankfulness for the statement of subtleties in which his big, fine books of the open do not abound. For he is not a philosopher in expression, but poet, artist, delineator, translator of wild, continental, geologic nature. He talks of "God's workshop" as though he were on familiar terms with divinity—and no doubt he is. He seeks not to explain them, but to tell you about them, so that you may sit in your reading chair of an evening and be transported to the most wonderful and beautiful parts of North America. John Muir is not a stylist in letters, but a vivid, graphic, poetic narrator, whose entire simplicity charms the discerning, and whose power of depiction holds the interest of everyone fortunate enough to open his pages.

There is nothing morbid or disheartening on a page of John Muir. He does not think, as does the poet naturalist, Richard Jeffries, that Nature is uniformly unkind to man. For he is hardy and lusty and can find joy even in fog and snow and rain. "God's wild blessings" have "searched him and soaked him like a sponge." As he does not find heaviness of heart, dullness, discouragement, in any of his woods and mountains and deserts, so the reader will find no note of pessimism or cosmic doubt on his pages. When he is caught in a sudden shower and, perhaps, drenched to the skin, he does not blame God or the Way of Things for the rain, but his own lack of foresight in not seeking shelter betimes. As to the "dangers" of his trade: "One should go to the woods for safety if for nothing else," he says. "No American wilderness that I know of is so dangerous as a city home, with all the modern improvements." And he is right. The book is well illustrated and contains a valuable appendix, giving exact and tabulated data about all the many national parks and forest reserves. ("Our National Parks." By John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin Company.)

"Land of Purple Shadows"

Again, Idah Meacham Strobridge has expressed her love for and knowledge of the desert places of the west. Living as a child among the mountains and wastes of Nevada, the lure of the mysteries is in her very blood, and the three volumes which she has published are the embodiment of this half-unconsciously acquired knowledge, which grows with the years rather than diminishes with them. One of the stories is entitled, "Subduing a Little Savage," and as a bit of personal history and a hint of things that shape sympathy and understanding, is most interesting. Living in a remote canyon, for more than a year, they had seen no white woman, and only a few friendly painters camped near to represent to them the living world. But what a world it was to an imaginative child! To learn the furtive ways of the furred and feathered inhabitants of the desert, to watch the nestlings of the hawks in their almost inaccessible building places, to chase lengthening shadows over mountains and canyons, surely this would compensate for much loss of civilization. But it also makes clear the joy there would be in suddenly acquiring a human companion to share these delights, a companion more skilled in animal lore and bred to the mysteries. Into this isolated home came a little bright-eyed Indian boy, the gift of an officer who had headed an expedition that obliterated the boy's tribe. He was dirty, shy and dumb, as he spoke no English, but he was alive and real, which were the vital points to the little girl. He was scrubbed and fed and clothed; it was only long afterward that his friends discovered that he felt himself a prisoner of war and expected to be treated as such, ac-

ording to his knowledge of Indian justice. He feared poison in his food; when his bath was prepared he thought it was to drown him, and when his cropped hair and old clothes were cast into the fire, he expected to be put in after them, as he had seen his people burn white men at the stake. But when his confidence was won, what a world of learning he displayed to his little companion! He had seen massacres along the old emigrant road; better than any tale of Grimm's was that account. He knew how to catch rabbits with a noose on the end of a green willow sapling, set in the ground; he could make bone or wooden fish-hooks, he could rub a greasewood stick so fast between his palms that it would light a fire—miracles, these, all. But, alas, a further acquaintance among white men discovered weaknesses the Indian could not guard against, so the acquaintance had to end as the years went on, but what a memory! ("The Land of Purple Shadows." By Idah Meacham Strobridge. The Artemisia Bindery.) M. H. C.

"The Flute of the Gods"

Clothed in the fascination of strange people and strange lands, weird with their folk lore of the Indians, convincing in its simplicity of sentiment and paradoxically pleasing in its elaboration of theme is Marah Ellis Ryan's new book, "The Flute of the Gods." The one exception to be taken to her tale is that it is too long drawn out—a little pruning and condensing here and there would have added greatly to the interest. It is not a tale to excite the blood, in spite of its primitive appeal. Rather, it is gentle and placid, in its warfare as in its pathos. The author writes plausibly, as though she herself believed in the old legends she weaves, and the reader finds himself accepting the Indian superstitious without cavil. The pen pictures are surpassingly fine, with a wealth of colorful words. The story grips the reader from the start.

In the land of the Hopi people there is a drought, bitter and long, and famine stares the villagers in the eyes. Forth to one of the stagnant wells of the town goes Ho-tiwa, the Ancient, to offer a prayer to the gods. There he finds the body of a girl, in whom life seems well-nigh extinct. Persuaded by the kindly Ho-tiwa, the people house the girl, who gives birth to a man-child, just as the south wind brings the blessed rain to the parched desert. Convinced that this is a mark of favor from the gods, the Hopi regard mother and son with awe, treating them with reverence and bewailing their return to the land of the Navahu, to which tribe the mother belongs. There too, Tahn-te, the child, arouses much wonder and worship because of his blue eyes and fair skin, and on account of his unchildish wisdom. The silent mother keeps locked within her breast the secret that her child is the son of a roving Spaniard, and the simple folk believe him to be the offspring of the god, Po-se-yemo.

Through his merry boyhood, his young manhood, across the span of his tragic love tale, into the silent wastes of the desert where his final destiny is shrouded in a veil of mystery, the author takes him. It is not so much the plot as the manner in which the story is narrated. The work is careful but not labored, the situations are logical and consecutive. One absorbs the atmosphere unconsciously—feeling the winds of the great desert and the loneliness of the vast spaces. The conception is fine and dignified, stateliness without being stilted. One might say that Mrs. Ryan approaches Kipling at his best, were it not for the delicate touches which are evident. Adding to the value of the book and entirely in keeping are the photographic illustrations by Edward S. Curtis, which are thoroughly satisfying. ("The Flute of the Gods." By Marah Ellis Ryan. F. A. Stokes Co.)

"Cardillac"

Romantic adventure seems to have a great appeal to the writers of popular novels, as all the late fiction shows a trend toward swashbuckling. But it remained for Robert Barr to go back to the days of fairy tales, as he has done in "Cardillac." All that this author needs is a dragon, from which the prince may rescue the princess. For there is the unkind king, the imprisoned queen, the maiden in durance vile, the young knight who rescues her, and the "they lived happy ever after" ending. The story has no great merit, yet possesses a sort of pleasant mediocrity.

The heroine is a most lovable creation; the hero is likable; there is enough highly-colored background to lend atmosphere; enough ardent love passages to please the romantically inclined; and a large measure of adventure to lend it spice. ("Cardillac." By Robert Barr. F. A. Stokes & Co.)

"Friendship Village Love Stories"

It may be that Zona Gale is one of those popular writers who "unpack their hearts in public," yet she has a most modest, winning way of doing so that disarms criticism, even at the triviality of her themes. This sit-by-the-embers-and-chat feeling pervades the "Friendship Village Love Stories"—very appropriately; perhaps, intentionally—more strongly than in "Friendship Village," of a year ago. If one is disposed to be hypercritical or disagreeable, little inconsistencies in the telling may be suggested. For if one does not feel in a confidential mood, or is unsentimental or cultivated beyond the point of caring about the arrival of the new baby next door, or the crepe on the knocker across the way, or the frequency with which Charles calls on Lillian, the love stories of Elfa and Nicholas Moor and Liva Vesey and Timothy Toplady, Jr.—yes, the son of Timothy Toplady, Sr., and Amanda—will seem rather overdrawn. But how could a courtship be more charming in its simplicity and realism than Peter's conquest of Miggy's worldly-wise heart. Peter, the "Shelley-like boy," is so finely reticent yet lovable. And there is an increasingly large number of "Miggys" outside of villages, who learn the "lesson of doubt" although they may not formulate the cynicism so quaintly as she when she remarks:

Married isn't like a party. I know that much about society. Party you either accept or regret. Married you do both. . . . Besides, I'm not like the women who marry people. They marry like they pick out a way to have a dress made when they don't admire any of the styles very much, and they've wore out everything else. Women like some things about somebody, and that much they marry. Then the rest of him never is married at all.

But love and a higher law modify this judgment of the little "secretary." Motherhood, rather than wifehood, seems to be the undertone, the major theme, about which the melodies are constructed. There is more than idle, dreamy philosophizing in this book. There is a distinct message repeated over and over again. It is the Mother, Father and Child—the Family, and all the beauty and ideality of the relations emphasized.

At the Java entertainment, with its mutinous, "unfriendly" termination, the dinner by the "Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality" in the interest of civic pride and progress, and the "Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle Ten Cent Tropical Fete," exhibiting so novel sentimentality in the bidding in of Jem Pitlaw's love letters to preserve them from jest and desecration by strangers, after the manner of a village, occasion is given to meet all the folks of Friendship. There are the Toplady's, Mis' "Mayor" Uppers, Mis' Holcomb—that was Mame-Bliss, Mr. and Mis' Postmaster Sykes, and best of all, Calliope Marsh. A trip to Friendship Village would be lacking without a chat with her. She has lost none of her keen, quaint individuality of vision and expression. Her sentences are epigrams that tempt frequent quotation. ("Friendship Village Love Stories." By Zona Gale. Macmillan Co.)

"The Helter Skelters"

There is something doing every minute in the Helter Skelter book, but it is harmless fun withal. Who wouldn't be a child again to have such good times as they had? The family name was Helter, and it did not take the neighbors long to tack on the other, when they came to live in Tillatoba valley. They were Mal, Vi, Rog and Hippy—her name was Charlotte, but when she got her crutch and went hippy-hopping along after the others, they called her "Hippy." She was no weak little quiet thing, but was in all the fun. They, with Plug and Silva Luna, neighbors, called themselves the "Scowling Scoots." Then there was their dear little mamma, who did not believe in keeping them starved up all the time. They had their rowboat, the Dashaway, in the orchard, made of two bed sides, their cave by the spring, under the big rock, where their great great grandmother was believed to have buried her silver and money from the Indians; and what exciting times they had digging for it, which, when finally discovered, was of great value for coin collections. This enabled them to have

Hippy's knee doctored by Dr. Jimmie, and what rejoicing there was when she came home cured. What times they had in the ship which Captain Page built in the old apple trees, playing pirates to their hearts' content. And what whopping yarns Sailor Sandy told about wrecks, sharks and castaways. Suppose there are exaggerations and inconsistencies, why carp at trifles in a good, lively holiday book for the children, full of fun. ("The Helter Skelters." By George Daulton, Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Magazines for December

Christmas cheer emanates from the covers of the December issue of "Country Life in America," and especially to its Southern California readers does the current number bring a touch of old-time holiday spirit in the pictorial feast of snow and ice. A. W. Dimock's story, "A Man and His Job," is the leading contribution, and the sketch is of the life of the Canadian woodsman, whom romance has surrounded with glamour of thrilling interest. Mr. Dimock tells of the prosaic life of the forester. "The Oldest of All Writing—Tracks" is the subject of a story by Ernest Thompson Seton. "Fun on Skees" has an appealing interest even to those Southern Californians who wouldn't know snow from salt. A. Herrington offers what may be regarded as an expert opinion on "The Finest Fruit Raised Under Glass." Other articles and narratives of readable interest complete the issue.

In Lippincott's Magazine for December the complete novelette, "Grimes Takes Command," is by Henry C. Rowland. The tale is a sea story of much interest. Sketches, poems and a collection of readable short stories make the number one of especial appeal to the magazine reading public. Among the contributors are Grace MacGowan Cooke, Onoto Watanna, Florence Earle Coates, John Kendrick Bangs, Edith Ayrton Zangwill, Mrs. John Van Vorst, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edwin L. Sabin, Caroline Ticknor and other well-known writers. An appreciation of Shackleton's "Heart of the Antarctic" is by Major General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.

Scribner's Magazine for December is replete with many readable short stories, articles and sketches. The Christmas season pervades the greater number of the contributions, and the leading story, "How Christmas Came Into England," by Dr. James A. B. Sherer of Troop Institute, Pasadena, is one of more than ordinary interest. Theodore Roosevelt contributes another of his hunting experiences in Africa. Among the fiction stories are "The Clown and the Columbine," by Molly Elliot Seawell; "The Messengers," by Richard Harding Davis; "The McDermott Twins," by Bradley Gilman; "The Carroll's Formal Garden," by Jesse Lynch Williams; "A Christmas of Christmases," by Nelson Lloyd, and "A Cure by Aeroplane," by Frederick Palmer.

December's issue of the American Magazine contains much of entertainment. Short stories of more than usual interest are featured in the number and Ida B. Tarbell contributes the second installment of her serial article on "The American Woman." The third paper in John Kenneth Turner's widely commented-upon series of "Barbarous Mexico" also is featured. Among the prominent persons, subjects of sketches, are Victor Muddock, James Keeley, Robert T. Lincoln, Cardinal Gibbons, Caroline Bartlett Crane and William Muldoon. Contributors to the number include Wallace Irwin, Herbert Janvrin Browne, Ralph Henry Barbour, Eugene Wood, William J. Locke, S. R. Elliott, David Grayson, Harry Bedwell, Roy Stannard Baker and Olive Higgins Prouty.

Romance may be found wherever the romantic-minded man travels—he takes it with him. John G. Neihardt, in Putnam's for December, writes in epic strain of the Missouri river. When he first beheld its terrors in flood time, he was a little boy of six, holding his father's hand and wondering at his magnificence in being so unafraid. Since then he has followed it all its length, and its fascinations are well set forth in word and picture. The other contents are "The Sermon on the Mount" by John Gilpin Pyle, "John Brown: Modern Hebrew Prophet" by E. N. Vallandigham; a continuation of "The Bench of Desolation" by Henry James; stories by Eden Philpotts and Maarten Maartens; "Stevenson and Henley" by Beatrice Post Candler.